

JOHN BROWN FICTION IN THIS NUMBER

The American Reformer

INCLUDES STORIES

FIRST INSTALMENT

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, AMELIA E. BARR,  
MRS. BURTON HARRISON, AND HOWARD FIELDING.

JANUARY  
1898

# THE PETERSON

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THE PETERSON MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1898.

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# THE PETERSON MAGAZINE.

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**Washington and his Mother.**  
From the painting by Louis Edward Fournier.

# THE PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES—VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1898.

NUMBER 1.

## MT. VERNON, THE MECCA OF AMERICA.

THE agitation in the newspapers over the proposed removal of the remains of George Washington from Mt. Vernon to New York having in a large degree subsided, it may be well to consider the subject from the standpoint of practicality. Not, indeed, discarding sentiment, but rather educating it, and laying aside partisan, jealous and unworthy rivalries, let the subject be considered in its national bearing, and with motives only of exalted and comprehensive patriotism. It is hardly surprising that on the occasion of the dedication, with pageant and ceremony of the costly and imposing tomb of the great and magnanimous Grant, in the proud metropolis of the country, that comparison should have been made between it and the unadorned resting-place of Washington in the quiet shades of Mt. Vernon. The contrast is striking, and the comparison naturally suggests itself. But if we consider, not so much the men, Washington and Grant, as

the times and conditions under which they each rendered the country service, the fair-minded and discriminating will find no difficulty in harmonizing the apparent disparity in the tombs of these great men whom the American people delight to honor, nor in discovering a characteristic fitness in the location of each. There is nothing in the history of the country associating Washington and Grant in such manner as would make it appropriate that their graves should be together. On the contrary, their tombs, as at present, the one costly and imposing, situated in a great city, the center of nineteenth century energy and over-strain, the other simple and sequestered, on the banks of the Potomac, represent periods quite distinct in the country's history. They punctuate crucial eras in the life of the Republic, and are land-marks, which should not be removed but rather preserved and guarded, as object lessons to be studied by generations yet to come.



Wharf, and Boat Landing, Mt. Vernon.



Mount Vernon from the North.

It is said that comparisons are odious, and it would be unwise as well as unfair, to compare Grant with Washington. No two men who have attained like distinction in military and civil office could be more dissimilar in character and qualifications, and yet possess such strong points of contact. The sword of Washington was drawn for the defence and liberation of his country, the sword of Grant for its restitution and preservation. Neither commanded armies for conquest and subjugation, nor for the gratification of personal ambition.

It may be said that the achievement of Washington was the American Union, and all that it stands for in nurturing and spreading the spirit of liberty, in the remodeling of the government, and the uplifting of humanity.

The achievement of Grant was the restitution of the Union and the preservation of its integrity. Washington led the Colonial armies against their common enemy, an enemy *from without*. The situation which confronted Grant was such that supported only by that portion of the country loyal to the Union, he was obliged to lead an army of coercion against an enemy *from within*, attempting to sever the Union, that enemy his own countrymen. It was the "inevit-

able conflict," long predicted, and which statesmanship proved powerless to avert. At Appomattox, where the cause of the South expired, where a proud and courageous people, with exhausted resources and depleted numbers, surrendered to the Union leader, Grant met his opportunity and realized it. In the magnanimity of the terms of that surrender consisted the restoration of the Federal Union. Hard terms demanded by him at that time might indeed have been enforced, but the result would have been conquest and not restoration.

But whatever his greatness and magnanimity, it is not in the nature of things that the whole country can regard the tomb of Grant with equal reverence and affection. American citizens of the South, whose fortunes, during the late war, were cast with the Confederacy, may indeed accept the result of the war in good faith, and recognize in the restored Union its most fortunate conclusion. With animosities overcome, and prejudices dissipated by the processes of time, they may recognize in the abilities of Grant much to admire, and in his character much to respect; they may turn out in marching columns for the dedication of his tomb, but with something more of conventionality, and something less of enthusiasm,



than their fellow citizens of the North, whose hearts were with him, and who wished success to his standard while the war was on.

Grant selected New York for his home, and died there. City life seemed to accord with his tastes and habits. He figured in the country's history in an era of its greatest opulence and power; when almost boundless in domain, and limitless in resource, its citizens were amassing colossal fortunes and its cities absorbing its population and wealth. The metropolitan had superseded the rural influence and domination, and had stamped its prestige upon everything, social and governmental. Thus Grant, the successful leader of the Union armies, twice invested Supreme Executive, was the personification of an epoch in which himself was the central figure. It is therefore according to the fitness of things that his mortal remains should rest in the city of his choice, and that his tomb should be in keeping with the magnificence of its surroundings. Great man of the age, interred in the great metropolis of the greatest country, and in the grandest mausoleum. The aggregation is unique, suggestive and historical.

But the tomb of George Washington would be out of place in New York. The bare suggestion of removing his remains there or to any place away from his beloved Mt.

Vernon is revolting to the best feeling of every American who reveres the memory of the Nation's first citizen. However patriotic and disinterested the motive which suggests such removal, it is impossible not to imagine in it a taint of selfishness, of local pride, or the desire for advertisement. To remove the remains of Washington and entomb them within the environment of any city, the National Capital alone excepted, would desecrate his tomb to the extent, at least, of making it merely one of a city's attractions, a place to be visited as the park or zoological garden; not with the reverence of visitors to a shrine, but with the curiosity of vagrant sight-seers. The proposal, however, is not debatable except as a pastime or matter of sentiment. The practicalities of the subject bring us within the domain of Law—of wills, deeds and charters.

Proposals to remove the mortal remains of George Washington from Mt. Vernon are not new. The legislature of Virginia in 1816 by unanimous resolution directed the Executive, Gov. Nicholas, to request Judge Bushrod Washington, then proprietor of Mt. Vernon, and an executor of the will of the General, to allow the State of Virginia to remove the remains of the General and Mrs. Washington to Richmond, and inter them there, near the Capitol, under fit-



Mount Vernon from the East or River Front.



The Old Tomb, Mount Vernon.

Photo. copyright by Luke C. Dillon.

ting monuments to be erected at the expense of the state. The following letters, never heretofore published, show the patriotic impulses of Virginia in desiring to possess the body of her distinguished son, and the courteous but decided reply of Judge Washington setting forth the circumstances which made it impossible for him to comply with the request.

LETTER FROM GOV. NICHOLAS TO JUDGE WASHINGTON.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 21ST., 1816.

SIR :

I perform with infinite satisfaction the duty assigned to me by the enclosed resolutions of the General Assembly.

To the unanimous expression of the desire of the Legislature, I beg leave to add the earnest wishes of the Executive that you will permit the remains of her beloved son George Washington and those of his excellent and amiable wife, to be removed to Richmond, to be interred near the Capitol, beneath a monument to be erected at the expense of the people of Virginia. This application is made by the native State of Washington, not in the vain hope of adding lustre to his reputation, (his fame can not be increased by any human structure,) but as a memorial of a nation's gratitude and affection and in the expectation that it will excite a spirit of emulation which will give her for ages to come citizens whose lives will be marked by disinterested devotion to the public good, such as upon all occasion distinguished her illustrious Washington.

All who have any agency in making this request have foreseen the sacrifice of feeling which you will

make in parting with the remains of relations so revered, but it is hoped you will yield them to the ardent wishes of Virginia.

I have the honor to be with very great respect, Sir,

Your humble servant,

W. C. NICHOLAS.

TO THE HONORABLE BUSHROD WASHINGTON.

JUDGE WASHINGTON'S REPLY TO GOV. NICHOLAS.  
MT. VERNON, March 18th, 1816.

SIR:

It is not in my power to express, in terms which would do justice to my feelings, the sensibility with which I received the resolution of the Legislature of Virginia authorizing the Governor to open correspondence with me, in behalf and in the name of the Commonwealth, to permit the remains of her beloved son, the late General George Washington, to be removed from the family vault at Mt. Vernon, and interred near the Capitol of Virginia, beneath a monument to be erected at the public expense, and to serve as a memorial to future ages of the love of a grateful people. The nature of the application, the unanimity with which it was made, and the terms in which it was expressed, unite to impress me with feelings of gratitude which can never be obliterated.

So many and so powerful are the motives which urge me to comply with the wishes of the Legislature, so sincere and so earnest is my solicitude to promote them, that could I oppose to them only my personal feelings, and my individual repugnance to parting with the remains of General Washington and Mrs. Washington, those feelings would have been subdued, that repugnance would have been overcome, and I should have yielded their bodies to be disposed of at the will of Virginia, painful as the sacrifice must have been.

But obligations more sacred than anything which

concerns myself, obligations with which I cannot dispense, compel me to retain the mortal remains of my venerated uncle in the family vault where they are deposited. It is his own will, and that will is to me a law which I dare not disobey. He has himself directed that his body should be placed there, and I cannot separate it from those of his relations.

I pray you, sir, to accompany my profound acknowledgement to the Legislature of Virginia, with the most respectful assurances that no considerations merely personal could have induced me to oppose my will to theirs, and that it is not without the most deep-felt regret, that even under the high sense of a most sacred duty, I decline to comply with the request contained in their resolutions. Permit me, sir, to add that the manner in which the request of the Legislature has been communicated by the Executive, has in no small degree increased the pain I inflict on myself in not yielding to that request, and to assure you that I am, with very great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

BUSHROD WASHINGTON.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY W. C. NICHOLAS, GOV. OF VA.

The claims of the ancient Commonwealth, who gave to the country its most illustrious citizen, and whose soil was the scene of his early development, to be the custodian of his mortal remains was hardly second to the claim of the General Government. But no claim, in the estimation of Judge Washington could supersede the General's own will. That will, he said, with him was law, a law he dare not disobey.

Surely his countrymen will say "amen" to that sentiment, and had Mt. Vernon no other hold upon those honored relics, they would certainly allow them that sacredness of sepulchre observed by all peoples from immemorial ages—the wish of the departed respecting his place of burial.

The wish referred to is expressed in the following:

#### EXTRACT FROM WASHINGTON'S WILL.

"The family vault at Mt. Vernon requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the "Vineyard Enclosure," on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains, with those of my deceased relations (now in the old vault), and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited. And it is my express desire that my corpse may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration."

This provision in his will, so far as it related to interment in the old vault, the building of the new one, and the transfer of his remains to it, was carried out in 1837, by John Augustus Washington, nephew of Judge Washington, next proprietor of Mt. Vernon, and by Maj. Lewis, surviving executor of Washington's will.

It is the testimony of those who witnessed



The Tomb of Washington as it Appears at the Present Time.

the removal of the remains from the old to the new tomb, that the body of the General appeared to be in a fair state of preservation, as well as could be ascertained without removing the lead-foil covering, which appeared to rest on a full face and frame. It was placed in a sarcophagus made from a solid block of Pennsylvania marble, presented by a citizen of Philadelphia. And so it rests at this time.

It was thought that Congress would wish to purchase Mt. Vernon for the United States, and hold it under Congressional control, and with this in mind John Augustus Washington, the third owner, made certain provision in his will, authorizing a sale of it



Judge Bushrod Washington, next owner of Mt. Vernon after the General.

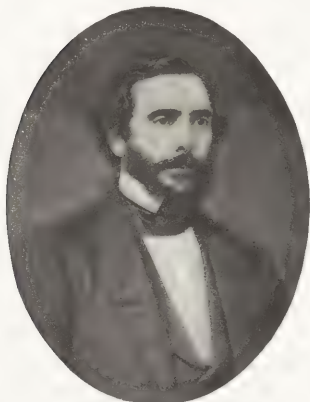
to the Government. No offer to purchase, however, was made by the Government, but later, it entered into the mind and heart of a Southern lady, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, to interest the women of America in a plan to raise the means, and purchase the home and tomb of "The Father of his Country," and hold it for the American people.

Patriotic women in the several states entered heartily into the enterprise, and the late Hon. Edward Everett lent his eloquence to the cause in a series of lectures for the benefit of the Mt. Vernon purchase fund. A corporation was chartered by the State of Virginia in 1856 under the



Mount Vernon from the West.





Col. John A. Washington, last individual owner of Mt. Vernon.

name and style of the "Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," which was duly organized with Miss Cunningham as first Regent.

The fund for the purchase was raised, and in 1858 the charter was amended so that the title to the property could be vested in the Ladies' Association, in its corporate capacity, the first Charter, having required that the property should be deeded to the State of Virginia.

A contract for the purchase of Mt. Vernon was entered into between Miss Cunningham and the late Col. John A. Washington, the last individual owner of Mt. Vernon. The sum agreed upon was two hundred thousand dollars, this sum being fifty thousand less than was offered by private parties, but Col. Washington preferred to sell for a less sum for the patriotic purpose of the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association. The property conveyed was "two hundred acres of land, including the Mansion House, as well as the tomb of George Washington, together with the gardens, grounds, and wharf and landing on the Potomac." The contract for the sale, of date April 6th 1858, is recorded at Fairfax Court House, Va.

The following is an important clause in the contract.

"And the said parties of the second part, (The Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union) further covenant that the said John A. Washington, and his heirs or assigns, shall at all times have and enjoy the right to inter the remains of such persons whose remains are in the vault at Mt. Vernon, as are not now interred. . . ."

"And that the said vault, and the remains in and around it shall never be removed or disturbed. . . ."

The foregoing condition as to the vault and the remains in and around it, appears to give Mt. Vernon an inseverable hold upon them. "It is so nominated in the bond"; they can never be removed or disturbed.

The Commonwealth of Virginia in its Charter to the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union made the following reservation.

#### SEC. 4. AMENDED CHARTER.

"The said property herein authorized to be purchased by the said Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, shall be forever held by it, sacred to the Father of his Country; and if for any cause the said Association shall cease to exist, the property owned by the Association shall revert to the Commonwealth of Virginia, sacred to the purpose for which it was originally purchased."

The state also reserved, and has ever exercised visitatorial privileges, the Board of Visitors consisting of "five fit and proper men annually appointed by the Governor."

Beyond controversy, the remains of George Washington must forever rest in the spot of earth selected by himself. That



Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, to whom the Preservation of Mt. Vernon is largely due.

Courtesy of Mr. Clarence Cunningham.



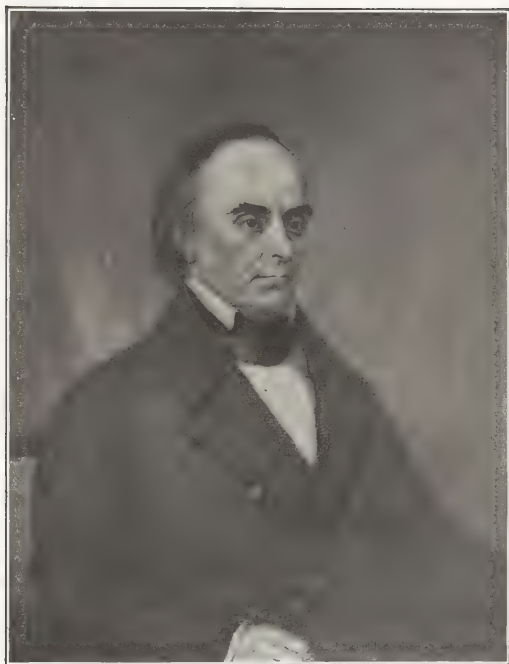
Room and Bed in which Washington Died.

spot is now owned and maintained by the people of the United States, his grateful countrymen; watched over and preserved by an association of devoted American matrons, whose labor of love and most excellent management deserve the gratitude and praise of every American. Remains of mortal man were never in more fitting, loving custody.

The change and development in American sociology since Washington and the Fathers of the Republic passed from the scene, have surpassed all that could have been foreshadowed to even their prophetic vision. It is said "times change, and men change with them, principles never!" The fundamental principles of popular, constitutional government, remain unchanged; nevertheless, they are lamentably disregarded. The decadence of lofty self-sacrificing devotion to the country, that devotion, which calls for the surrender of private interest to the public good is too apparent.

The quiet business methods of the rural period, when a man was more esteemed than money, and honor was a good endorser, have also given place to others characteristic of the times. Great aggregations monopolize the industrial field, and corporations swallow up the individual to the great amassing of wealth and a corresponding sacrifice of character. Unquestionably the standard of citizenship under the changed conditions is lowered. How needful then, a calm retreat, where escaped from the swirling maelstrom of politics, the moil, toil and rush of modern business life, Americans may turn aside and rest awhile. Their own Mt. Vernon invites them to its quiet shades beside the calm river. Here at the tomb of him who ever placed public duty before every private consideration, whose supreme patriotic service won for him the honored name of "Father of His Country," let them rekindle their patriotic fires.

BUSHROD C. WASHINGTON.



Daniel Webster, Prince of American Statesmen.

From the painting by Hoyt, representing the famous orator at the age of 69.

## AMERICAN ORATORS.

### II.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

**T**HIS prince of American statesmen is entitled to unchallenged supremacy among the orators of modern times. The peer of Demosthenes and the superior of Cicero, he had no equal in his own age, either in Europe or America. He was the master and remains the model of the noblest elements and achievements of senatorial, forensic and patriotic eloquence.

There was an element of human interest

in the orations of Demosthenes that invested them with immortality beyond the spoken words of any other uninspired man among the ancients. Cicero was a rhetorician who spoke with exquisite finish and extreme elaboration. His speeches, however, scarcely ever transcended the significance and scope of the subject in hand, or the interest and importance of the occasion causing the exertion of his marvelous gifts.



Marshfield, the Home of Daniel Webster.

Demosthenes, on the contrary, spoke for and to the people of all nations and ages, by grandly dealing with those great political and ethical principles that perpetually appeal to human minds and hearts. For the same reason, Pitt will live longer as an orator in the history of British eloquence than will the more gifted, learned, and rhetorical Burke. Daniel Webster will be remembered and revered long after the names of Clay, Calhoun, and Edward Everett, the American Cicero, have been buried in oblivion, for the simple reason that he embodied in his speech those sentiments and principles that can never perish so long as patriotism and humanity survive.

Once in an age, a Patrick Henry will exclaim, "Give me liberty or give me death," to remind us of our rights and inspire us with the courage to assert and maintain them. It is in Webster, however, that we have the best modern reflection of the powerful style of Demosthenes, which but for him would have died before our day. It had passed from the stage of actual oratory, and had lain, half forgotten, except as a well-worn story, when Hayne aroused Webster to great thoughts that leaped to immortality at a single bound; thoughts that could flow in no other channel than the heroic and sublime. No ora-

tor of modern times has equaled the effect of that masterful effort. There has been and there still is much of pretentious parade and meretricious display; but how little of genuine greatness and prevailing power. We have had any number of feeble imitators of Cicero and Everett, but how few who have even suggested the magic gifts of thought and speech that blessed the world in the eloquence of Demosthenes and Webster. These marvelously gifted men were endowed from the beginning with the oratorical genius and temperament. The places which they left vacant have not been filled, and I hazard the prediction that the world will never see their like again.

Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in Salisbury, N. H. The name is Scotch, and the majority of the Webster stock was of the Scottish type. His father had served in the French war and in the Revolution. But his bravest battle was fought in a stern contest with a thin, penurious soil, on the frosty verge of the original Pilgrim civilization, wringing from reluctant nature subsistence for a wife and ten children. Daniel, the youngest member of the family, was too feeble to work much on the farm, and he was sent to an academy. He gained rapidly as a student. His father



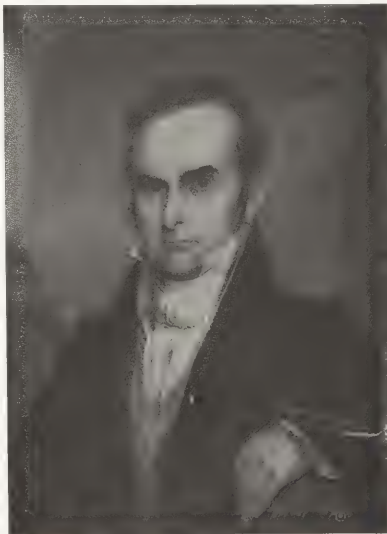
saw the promise of future greatness in the boy, and determined to send him to college, although that meant to sadly pinch the home which knew nothing of the luxuries, and possessed but few of the necessities of life.

At fifteen Daniel became a freshman in Dartmouth College. At nineteen, he was graduated, all the class feeling that he was destined to eminence. In 1804, Mr. Webster went to Boston as a law student. In 1807 he opened an office in Portsmouth, N. H. The people there soon took an affectionate pride in the young lawyer. Jeremiah Mason discovered in the blossoming new member of the bar, a powerful forensic opponent. Six years he served at the New Hampshire bar, and was then sent to Congress, at thirty-one years of age, in 1813. He subsequently made Boston his place of residence, and was soon sent to Congress from his newly adopted state, which he represented in Washington with such great distinction for many years.

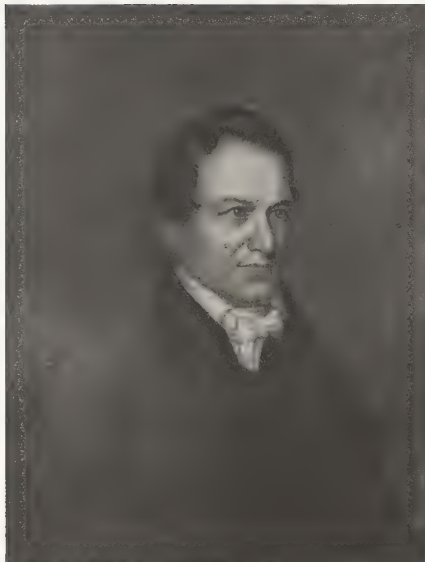
It is said that Napoleon's military ambitions and his dreams of fame and glory were inspired and fired by the pictures of famous battles upon the curtains that enclosed his boyhood bed. Daniel Webster, when only eight years old, saw in a country shop window a cotton handkerchief with something printed on both sides of it. He gave his whole stock of hoarded pennies to secure it, and absorbed its contents that night by the light of the roaring chimney fire, while lying on the kitchen floor. It was the Constitution of the United States that the New Hampshire boy was reading from the handkerchief and transferring to the tablets of his memory. He related this incident in 1850, and added naively, "I have known more or less of that document ever since." Forty years later came the great Webster-Hayne debate. He then stood forth as the Expounder and Defender of the Constitution, which he had committed

to memory, at that early period, in the rude farm-house on the edge of the Northern wilderness.

Webster first entered Congress in 1813, when only thirty-one years old. Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, Pickering, Gaston, Forsythe, were the commanding names and figures there. When he first took the floor to deliver his famous speech on the war question, he put himself at one bound in the front rank of American parliamentary thought and speech. His address was so weighty with historical lore and convincing logic, so lofty and calm in tone, so fit to go into permanent literature as a specimen of strong and decisive argument, that Chief Justice Marshall predicted at once that the new speaker would become "one of the very first, if not the first, of American statesmen." In 1818, when thirty-six, he argued the famous Dartmouth College case before the Supreme Court, and won position as a great constitu-



An early portrait of Webster, drawn from life and engraved by J. B. Longacre about the time of Webster's reply to Hayne.



Robert Y. Hayne.

The eloquent and fiery nullificationist. Webster's opponent in 1830.

tional lawyer, not merely of the first rank but also of a new type. In closing his argument, he surprised the Court, bar and spectators, with a passage of melting pathos, in which he mingled his tears with those who heard him. The passage was as follows:

"This, sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. . . .

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land. It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it."

Here his emotions mastered him; his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered, his voice was choked. In broken words of tenderness he spoke of his attachment to the col-

lege, and his tones seemed filled with the memories of home and boyhood; of early affections and youthful privations and struggles.

"The Court Room" says Mr. Goodrich, to whom we owe this description, "during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion and his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, with his small and emaciated frame, and his countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look, and the remainder of the court at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, to a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench, to catch each look and every movement of the speaker's face.

"Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and, fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience:

"'Sir, I know not how others may feel' (glancing at the opponents of the college before him) 'but for myself when I see my Alma Mater surrounded like Cæsar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not for this right hand, have her turn to me, and say, *'And thou too, my son!'*'"

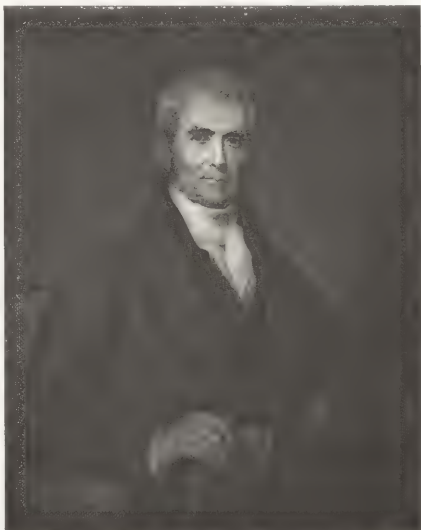
Judge Story used to say, "For the first hour we listened to him with perfect astonishment, for the second hour with perfect delight and for the third hour with perfect conviction." Stoical judges were moved to tears and the audience was spellbound by his affecting peroration, in which the hard

and sharp forensic argument had passed into loving reminiscence. It may or may not be regarded as legitimate dealing with the points at issue, but it was the beginning of success in a case that appeared to be hopeless at first. Two judges only out of seven favored Webster's side, notwithstanding his eloquence, but this partial support was the basis of a successful campaign conducted through another year and resulting in a decision in favor of the college.

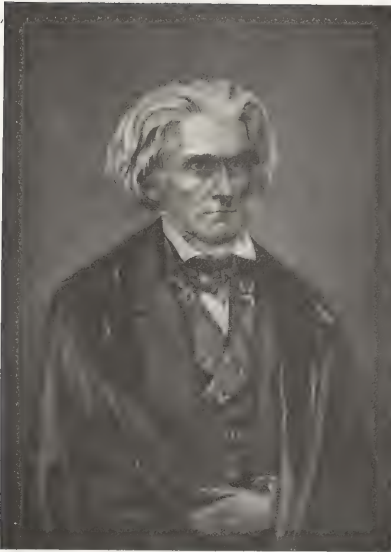
In 1820, at thirty-eight, he sounded a new note in American eloquence by his Plymouth oration. It seemed like the sublime utterance of an incarnate century. Then followed in quick succession, his celebrated speeches on the Greek question and the Panama mission; his splendid oration at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument; his matchless eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; his great speeches in Congress on the tariff and the judiciary, and some of his most important and notable arguments before the Supreme Court. In all of these performances, he astonished his hearers with a unique manifestation of his myriad-minded greatness. As a reasoner, Mr. Webster had no equal among his contemporaries. His logic was as clear, incisive, and vise-like as his oratory was persuasive and convincing. In the sharp, close cross-fire of debate, or in the calm survey and powerful combination of facts and principles, he was without a peer. By this method, he held a jury as he held Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Story. He commanded the Senate with the same ease that he swayed the masses in Faneuil Hall. He adhered to simplicity and made eloquence result from the breadth of a field of fact on which his marvelous intellect cast its light.

No estimate of Daniel Webster as an orator

would be adequate in which his personal presence was not considered as an important adjunct of his genius. It is undoubtedly true that what he said seemed to be truer and grander because he said it. When he spoke the power of a great personality was manifested. In form, in dignity and grace of bearing, he impressed one with being a fit orator to represent a cause of universal interest before a parliament of Prime Ministers and princes. No triumph that he ever won seemed to require the whole of his resources. He was master of every emergency. The movement of his mind suggested the might of the sea, and was like the ground swell of a resistless force. His eloquence had always the self-assured strength that made it competent to the utterance of a nation's thought and purpose. Thus, in 1830, Mr. Webster voiced, as no one else could, the sentiment of the country and the spirit of our institutions in his ever-memorable reply to Hayne. Every noble and lofty element of



John Marshall, LL. D., "Expounder of the Constitution," Secretary of State and Chief Justice Supreme Court. From the painting by Inman.



J. C. Calhoun, the Apostle of Secession, to whom Webster replied in 1833, in one of his most brilliant orations.

power in debate is conspicuous in this masterful speech. It literally pulverized and annihilated the Calhoun-Hayne doctrine. The chord it struck sounded rich and deep all over the land. It roused a new spirit of patriotism and called forth from the aged Madison an endorsement of the Webster argument as the doctrine of the framers of the Constitution. The following quotation will afford some idea of the power of this speech:

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced,

its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first, and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart: *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*"

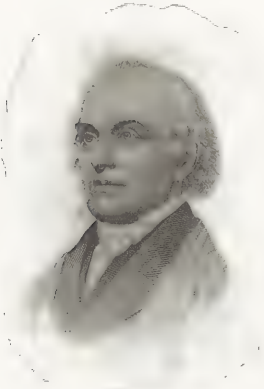
The marvel of this speech, six hours long, running the entire gamut of oratory and fit to be stereotyped with the noblest products of genius, is that it was almost wholly extempore. The language of not a page of it was committed to memory. The brief consisted of half a sheet of letter-paper. Hayne finished in the afternoon of January 25; Webster replied the next morning. How did he spend the intervening evening? Edward Everett tells us as follows:

"I spent the preceding evening with him," said Mr. Everett, "and found him entirely at ease, sportive and full of anecdote.

He was as unconcerned and as free of spirit as when floating in his fishing boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadows of his frowning guns far over the sea that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pennant streaming at the main, the stars and stripes at the fore, the mizzen and the peak, and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides."

Hayne's speech made an immense and intense impression. It flamed with fierce invective. It was uttered with superb declamatory skill and energy. It bristled with statements of the most irritating personal allusion, and throbbed throughout





Judge Joseph Story.

From a drawing by W. W. Story.

with the bitterest political and sectional animosity. Webster's friends trembled for him, and his enemies believed him to be annihilated. Mr. Iredell, one of the Senators from North Carolina and a devoted follower of Calhoun and Hayne, did not agree with these jubilant friends of the brilliant Southern orator, as to Webster's annihilation. He said to one of these rejoicing nullificationists, "He has only started the lion; wait till we hear his roar and feel his claws."

Despite the fact that Webster was preoccupied at the time with an important case in the Supreme Court, the roar and the stroke came the next day. This reply would have been a wonderful production under any circumstances, but its almost unpremeditated utterance marks it with a distinction unparalleled in ancient or modern oratory. Webster's own account of this marvelous effort is extremely interesting.

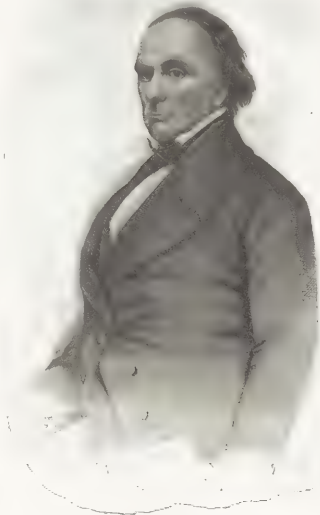
It is as follows :

"Not until I took the floor, and saw the immense concourse, and felt the hush of expectancy, did I feel the slightest trepidation. Then there rushed upon me the sense of the full responsibility of my position. It very nearly unmanned me. A strange sensation came over me. My feet felt light; they seemed not to touch the floor. It was as though I had begun to rise

and float. Instantly, I thought of how my brother, Ezekiel, had, a year before, fallen while making a speech and died ere his head touched the floor. By a strong effort, I subdued my perturbation. Soon my feet felt the floor again. Then they grew heavy. Finally they seemed rooted like rocks. My brain was now free. All that I had ever read, or thought, or acted, in literature, history and law, in politics, seemed to unroll before me in glowing panorama, and then it was easy, if I wanted a thunderbolt, to reach out and take it as it went smoking by."

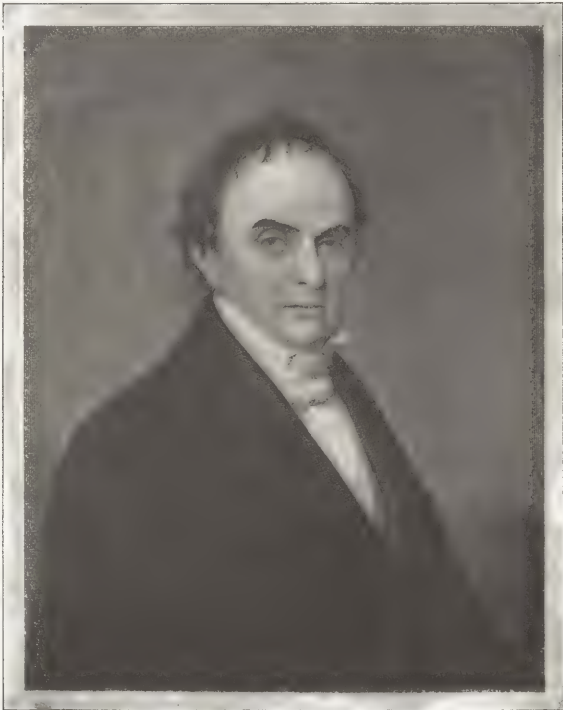
Perhaps the most satisfactory definition and description of eloquence is that given by Daniel Webster himself, as follows :

"True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to



A Characteristic Portrait of Webster.

From the painting by D'Avignon, about the time of Webster's reply to Calhoun.



A Particularly fine and rare Portrait of Webster.

Painted by R. M. Staigg and engraved by Cheney & Dodson.

it, but they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, natural force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives and the fate of their country hang on the decisions of an hour. Then words have lost their power, and rhetoric is in vain. The clear conceptions outrun the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speak on the tongue, beam from the eye, and urge the whole man onward, right onward to his object. This is eloquence, or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action—noble, sublime, god-like action.'

Webster's reply to Calhoun, in 1833, was a sterner and even stronger speech than was his reply to Hayne. Calhoun was the head and front of the nullification and secession conspiracy. This was a discussion with hands upon swords. Calhoun's speech, which lasted two days, was a splendid intellectual effort. But it was wholly metaphysical and artificial. When reading it, one is forced to confess that it is a consummate piece of subtle speculation and argumentation. But when it is laid down, it

melts away. It was concocted to meet a condition and justify a passion. Mr. Webster replied at once, in a speech of five hours, and successfully met every turn and twist of the secession hypothesis. He unfolded and exalted the Constitution as a power sovereign and supreme, for certain purposes, and to be interpreted alone by Congress and the Supreme Court. It was an unparalleled exhibition of sound and solid reasoning contrasted with shifty speculation and tricky metaphysics. It followed up mercilessly every artifice and sophism of the secession heresy. Calhoun was acute, but narrow. Webster was broad, massive and comprehensive. Calhoun was the chieftain of a clan. Webster was the champion of a nation. He was truly the "Defender of the Constitution." The following quotation exhibits the animating spirit of this wonderful speech.

"Be assured, sir, be assured, that among the political sentiments of this people, the love of the Union is still uppermost. They will stand fast by the Constitution, and by those who defend it. I rely on no temporary expedients, on no political combination; but I rely on the true American feeling, the genuine patriotism of the people, and the imperative decision of the public voice. Disorder and confusion indeed may arise; scenes of commotion and contest are threatened, and perhaps may come. With my whole heart I pray for the continuance of the domestic peace and quiet of

the country. I desire, most ardently, the restoration of affection and harmony to all its parts. I desire that every citizen of the whole country may look to this government with no other sentiments than those of grateful respect and attachment. But I cannot yield even to kind feelings the cause of the Constitution, the true glory of the country, and the great trust which we hold in our hands for succeeding ages. If the Constitution cannot be maintained without meeting these scenes of commotion and contest, however unwelcome, they must come. We cannot, we must not, we dare not omit to do that, which, in our judgment, the safety of the Union requires."

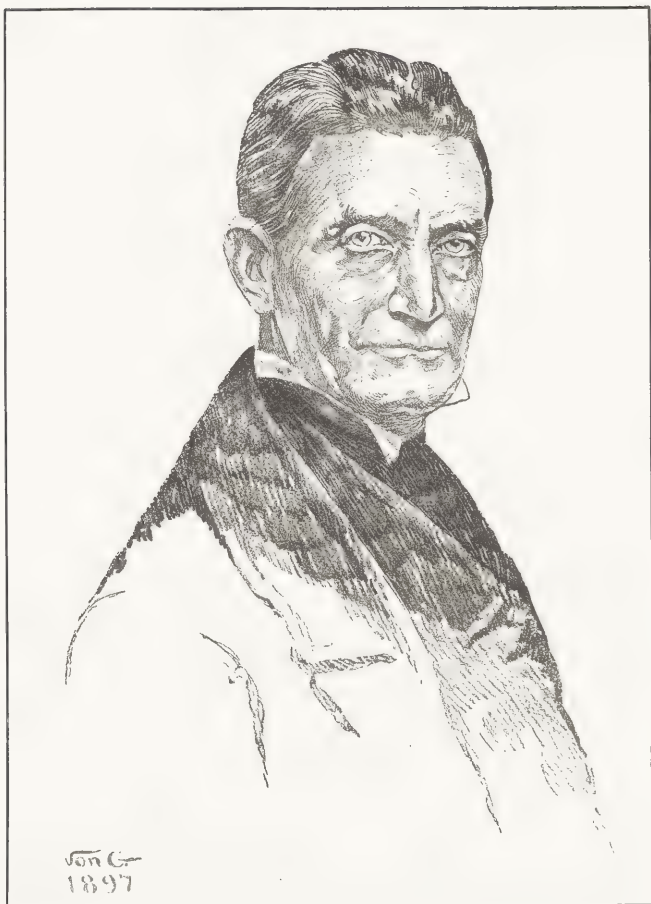
It would be well with the Nation, if it could to-day command that massive brain, patriotic heart and eloquent tongue. In sheer force of intellect, in magnetic eloquence, in the mastery of political philosophy and in the knowledge of and devotion to the Constitution of his country, he was first and foremost of the American statesmen of his age, and it is doubtful whether he had a superior in any country or any age. The passing away of this majestic man seemed an infinite loss to the American people and to the cause of republican institutions. Still, he remains with us in the influence of his imperishable words, of patriotic eloquence and sagacious statesmanship.

A. W. LIGHTBOURN.



Triumvirate of American Patriotism: Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

From the engraving by John Sartain,



John Brown, the American Reformer.

WHAT IS PROBABLY THE BEST PORTRAIT OF JOHN BROWN IS THE OIL PAINTING BY SELDON J. WOODMAN, NOW OWNED BY THE STATE OF KANSAS. THE ABOVE PORTRAIT DRAWN BY OSCAR VON GOTTSCHALCK, IS FROM AN ARTIST'S PHOTO-GRAVURE PROOF OF THE ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

# JOHN BROWN, THE AMERICAN REFORMER.

HIS ANCESTRY AND YOUTH—HIS BUSINESS PURSUITS—ACCOUNTS OF HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE WEST AND SOUTH—HIS TRIAL, IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH. WITH NUMEROUS DOCUMENTS, PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

IN EIGHT INSTALMENTS.—I.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.



*Joan of Arc.*

**H**EROIC characters are immortal. The memories of rare deeds and noble virtues never die. The names of Savonarola, Luther, Melancthon, Peter the Hermit, Joan of Arc, Cromwell and JOHN BROWN are carved upon the immortal tablets of everlasting fame.

John Brown was one of the mysteries of the human. No man has ever explained the philosophy of his life and character. We simply know him as a rare example of bravery, of moral worth and true manhood. His character was remarkable for moral purity and invincible tenacity of will. He displayed the deepest devotion to an idea—that of war against human slavery. He believed that “who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.” He was a stern, uncompromising hater of human bondage. Slavery to him was a heinous crime. It meant the everlasting blighting and blasting of manhood. Upon the gallows he declared that slavery was “the sum of all villainies,” and must speedily perish from the land. He possessed the will of a Hercules, the faith of an Aaron. He defied formal law and the sluggish public opinion of his time, in the interests of the one cause—“justice to all men.” There is nothing grander in history, more sublime, than the life of this strange man. Aye, truly



*Savonarola.*



*Melancthon.*



*Peter the Hermit.*

“His soul goes marching on.”

John Brown belongs to that rare class of men whose names grow with history. His life commanded respect and honor. His death was marked by a singular pathos, a sadness that won the sympathy of the people. Excepting Lincoln and Grant he remains to-day the best remembered man of half a century. “They hung him up between heaven and earth as a sign that justice must be done; but they did not dream that the future would speedily take them at their word, and visit upon them the penalty of their own philosophy. History has disclosed the truth and completed the story of his desperate exploit and his willing and pathetic sacrifice. He lost his life, but he gained his object.”



*Oliver Cromwell.*



*Martin Luther.*





The Birthplace of John Brown at Torrington, Conn.

The house as it stands to-day, from a photograph by H. D. Barker. John Brown was born on May 9, 1800, in the room at the left corner on the ground floor. He was the second child and the first son.

## JOHN BROWN, THE AMERICAN REFORMER.

UPON the grave of John Brown might well be written, "Dust to dust, granite to granite, here lies the last of the Puritans." Peter Brown, an Englishman, unmarried, came with the pilgrims to America in the historic Mayflower in 1620. He died in 1633, having been twice married. The order of the court, in the settlement of his estate, records his having had "divers children, by divers wives." Martha was probably his first wife at Salem. His second wife, Mary, administered upon the estate. In 1644, his daughters, Mary and Priscilla, were, by an order of the court, sent to live with their uncle, John Brown of Duxbury. Peter Brown of Windsor was the only son.

In 1658 Peter was married to Miss

Mary Gillett of Windsor, Conn. He died October 9, 1692, at the age of sixty years, leaving four sons and seven daughters. The second son, John, was born January 8, 1668, and was married in 1692 to Elizabeth Loomis. Eleven children resulted from this union, the eldest, a son named John, being born March 20, 1700. He was married in 1725 to Mary Eggleston. Their first born, John, became the third of that name in the family. He was born November 4, 1728, and was married in 1758 to Hannah Owen, a native of Wales, and a direct descendant of John Owen.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, John Brown, the third, was chosen Captain of the training band at West Simsbury, Conn.

NOTE.—"The Life and Times of John Brown," the first instalment of which is herewith presented, will continue in succeeding numbers of this magazine during the larger part of 1898. The work is of vast historical importance, and contains many new and important facts concerning the life and character of the "Hero of Ossawatimie."

He started for New York in April, 1776, where he joined the forces of the continental army, serving under Colonel Jonathan Pettibone. His commission signed by Governor Trumbull was dated May 23, 1776. After serving in the ranks for nearly two months, he fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic, and died at the age of forty-eight, in a barn, a few miles north of New York city, where the army was at that time encamped. His body was buried in the Highlands, near the western bank of the East river. In the burying ground of Canton Centre, Conn., upon a marble monument appears the following inscription: "In memory of Captain John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary Army, in New York, Sept. 3, 1776. He was of the fourth generation in regular descent from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed from the Mayflower, at Plymouth, Dec. 22d, 1620."

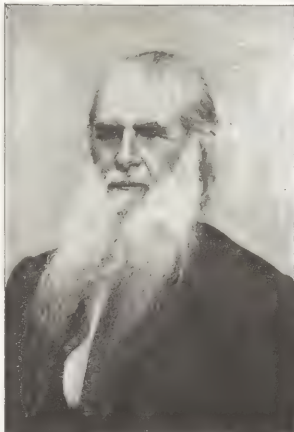
Captain Brown left a family of eleven children, the eldest a daughter thirteen years of age. In later years one of the sons became a judge in Ohio, and a son of one of the daughters was president of a leading New England college for over twenty years. The children were reared by the widow with singular tact and judgment, to habits of industry and principles of virtue, and all became distinguished citizens in the communities in which they resided. Mrs. Brown, we are told was a woman of great energy and economy, the economy being a needful virtue.

Abiel Brown, one of the four sons, lived and died in the old homestead at Canton Centre, Conn., and John, who was afterward known as "Deacon" Brown, lived and died at Hartford, in the same state.

Owen Brown, brother of the last two named of the family, was the father of John Brown of Harper's Ferry. He was married, when a very young man, to Ruth Mills, a daughter of Gideon Mills, "who was himself an officer in the Revolutionary army, and was entrusted with the command which had in charge a large portion of the prisoners comprising Burgoyne's army." Gideon was the son of Peter Mills who came from Holland and settled at Bloomfield, Conn.

In 1793, Owen Brown, having married in February of that year, removed to Norfolk, Conn. Their first child, Anna Ruth, was born July 5, 1798. John Brown of Harper's Ferry, the second son, was born May 9, 1800. A year previous the family had removed to Torrington. The town records at Torrington record the following:

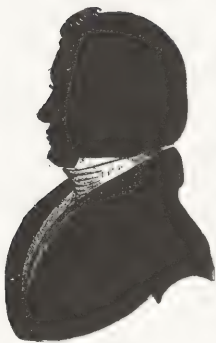
"John Brown, son of Owen and Ruth Brown, was born in Torrington, Connecticut, the ninth day of May, 1800."



Col. Simon Perkins.

From a photograph taken in 1870 by W. C. North, of Cleveland; kindly loaned by Col. Geo. T. Perkins, of Akron, Ohio. Simon Perkins was one of the foremost citizens of Northern Ohio during the war period. He was the senior member of the firm of Perkins & Brown, wool factors, and for many years was the business associate of John Brown. During his residence in Akron, Ohio, Brown occupied a house on the Perkins' estate,

Salmon Brown was born April 30, 1802, and still another son, Oliver Owen Brown, was born October 26, 1804. The family lived in a frame house, about a mile west of the town meeting house in Torrington, until 1805. In the latter part of that year they removed to Ohio. Owen had previously visited the Western Reserve and purchased a small tract of land in the village of Hudson in Summit County, about thirty miles south of Cleveland. The country was wild and desolate. Hudson at that time was a mere Indian trading post. The Indians were friendly to the whites, bringing venison, wild turkeys and fish to the village. They remained in the vicinity



Elijah P. Lovejoy.

Drawn from a silhouette owned by Owen Lovejoy, of Princeton, Ill. Elijah Lovejoy was an abolitionist who edited an anti-slavery paper at Alton, Ill. Lovejoy was murdered by a mob and the crime aroused in John Brown his first antagonism to slavery. The news of Lovejoy's murder caused John Brown to say: "BY THE GRACE OF GOD I WILL DEVOTE MY LIFE FROM THIS DAY TO THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY."

stammerer. It is said that he could not speak without stammering, *except in prayer.*

The incidents of John Brown's childhood were commonplace. He was fond of the roughest outdoor plays, ran barefooted and bareheaded, and always chose to remain at home and work rather than be sent to school. His mother died when he was eight years of age, and the boy felt her loss very keenly for many years. When the war of 1812 broke out, his father contracted to furnish the troops with beef cattle, driving the animals to the camps, on which occasions the boy accompanied him. It was in this way that the lad saw something of military men and camp life. He was frequently present at the councils of the officers, and learned how the army was supplied and maintained in the field. He was present at Hull's surrender in 1812, and overheard conversations between Cass, McArthur and other subordinate officers of that general, which he said, could he have reported them to the proper persons in Washington, would have branded them as traitors. To their disorderly conduct he ascribed the sur-

render, and thought great injustice had been done to Hull, who, though an old man, he considered brave and honest.

Owen Brown became one of the leading citizens of Hudson, and stood in very great favor among his neighbors. He was described as being "a very devout man and one who was often seen at home upon his knees in prayer." He was commonly called "Squire Brown," and at one time was one of the board of trustees of Oberlin College. He was an inveterate and most painfu-

render, and thought great injustice had been done to Hull, who, though an old man, he considered brave and honest.

From his tenth to his fifteenth year John Brown read few books. By his own testimony he "never knew one of a pack of cards from another, and never attempted to dance in his life." At the age of fifteen he was very strong physically, large of his age, and ambitious to perform a man's labor. He worked for a time in his father's tannery at Hudson. From his earliest childhood he had been taught to "fear God and keep His commandments." He read the Bible, the "Fables of Æsop," "Pilgrim's Progress" and other books. At the age of sixteen he was a zealous young Christian. He became a member of the Presbyterian Congregation in Hudson, and was an earnest and sincere believer in Presbyterian doctrines until his death.

Shortly before his seventeenth birthday, young Brown started overland for Massachusetts, where he intended to enter college and prepare himself for the ministry. For a time he attended the Morris Academy in Connecticut, with his younger brother Salmon.

A story of the two brothers is told, how John, finding that Salmon had committed some school offense, for which the teacher had pardoned him, said to the teacher:

"Mr. Vaill, if Salmon had done this thing at home, father would have punished him. I know he would expect you to punish him now for doing this—and if you don't, I shall."

That night, finding that Salmon was likely to escape punishment, John made good his word—more in sorrow than in anger—giving his younger brother a severe flogging.

Young Brown visited Canton, Conn., to consult with Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, a relative of his father, and upon that gentleman's advice, proceeded to Plainfield, Mass., where Rev. Moses Hallock was conducting a school for boys. The Plainfield school was famous for having graduated ministers and missionaries. The poet Bryant had attended school there for several years. In this school young Brown was partially fitted for college, but was compelled to return to his home in Ohio, owing to a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes,

A brother of Rev. Hallock who lived with Brown for some months in the Hallock homestead, thus describes the young man's appearance and behavior. "He was a tall, sedate, dignified young man. He had been a tanner and relinquished a prosperous business for the purpose of improving his intellect, but with what ultimate end I do not now know. He brought with him a piece of sole leather, about a foot square, which he had himself tanned for seven years, to re-sole his boots. He had also a piece of sheepskin which he had tanned, and of which he cut some strips about an eighth of an inch wide for other students to pull upon."

It was John's design to enter Amherst College, which was founded about that time, and of which his cousin, Dr. Herman Humphrey, was president and head teacher for many years. The young man, vexed and discouraged at his inability to obtain a theological, or even a preparatory education, and being also, it is said, crossed in love

affairs, returned to his father's home in Ohio. Had he been in good health, and possessed of sufficient means to pay for an education necessary to qualify him for the ministry, the tanner boy, reared to manhood in his father's tan yard, would no doubt have remained in Massachusetts; would have mounted the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, and would not have died upon the scaffold in Virginia.

Turning from the east and its collegiate honors he entered upon the rough life of a young pioneer in the wide west. Henry D. Thoreau told some plain truths when he said: "He did not go to Harvard. He was not fed upon the pap that is there furnished. As he phrased it, 'I know no more grammar than one of your calves.' But he went to the university of the West, where he studied the science of Liberty, and, having taken his degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of humanity in Kansas. Such were his humanities—he



Present Occupants of the John Brown Homestead, Torrington, Conn.

A negro family now occupies the house at Torrington, Conn., where John Brown was born, May 9, 1800. It seems a strange coincidence that after half a century this historic house should be occupied by people of the negro race, for whom the old hero gave his life. The view is from a photograph by H. D. Barker.



The Surrender of Hull.

The father of John Brown was engaged during the war of 1812 to furnish supplies to the American troops. John Brown as a boy often accompanied his father on visits to the camps of the American forces. He was present at Hull's surrender and obtained upon this occasion his first knowledge of military men and warfare.

would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way and righted up a falling man."

Prior to his departure for the east young Brown had formed the acquaintance of several young ladies of the vicinity of his home, among them Miss Dianthe Lusk. After the death of John Brown's mother, Miss Dianthe and her mother had kept house for the Browns in Hudson, and in this way a warm friendship sprang up between the two young people, resulting in their marriage June 21, 1820.

Miss Lusk was a remarkably plain, neat, industrious and sensible girl. In after years Brown said of her: "This woman by her mild, frank and consistent conduct, acquired and maintained a most powerful and good

influence over me. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect."

The young wife of John Brown came from an excellent family. Her mother was the daughter of John Adams, an army contractor in the Revolution. From the same ancestors came John Adams, the second president, and Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary patriot. The Lusks had moved to Ohio from New York state in 1801. Their house in Hudson was not far from that of Owen Brown.

From his twenty-first to his twenty-sixth year, John Brown was employed as foreman in his father's tannery at Hudson. At leisure hours he tilled a few acres of land, and studied several books on surveying. He occasionally performed labor for the neighboring farmers. His first child, John Brown Jr., was born

July 25, 1821. His second son, Jason, was born January 19, 1823, and the third son, Owen, November 4, 1824.

In the spring of 1826, he removed with his family to Richmond, a village in Richland township, Crawford County, Pa., a few miles from Meadville. There, for a time he was proprietor of a small tannery. A few years since the building which Brown constructed for the purpose was still in existence in a fair state of preservation.

In Richmond he purchased five hundred acres of land heavily timbered with hemlock, the bark of which he used for tanning. His nearest neighbor was a Mr. Delamater, who lived in a log house four miles away.



Brown's house was of rough logs, with two large rooms on the ground floor,—one used as kitchen, dining room, and living room, and the other for a sleeping room. Family worship was held each day in the living room, Brown leading in prayer. He was postmaster of the place, having the office in his house. The men who worked in his tannery boarded with the family.

As a surveyor Brown travelled through a large portion of Western Pennsylvania. The life in the woods to which he was trained from a boy, gave him the habits and the keen sense of a hunter. He was remarkably clear sighted and quick of ear. He knew all the devices of woodcraft, and declared that he could make a dinner for forty men out of one ox.

Upon several occasions Brown refused to sell sole leather at his tannery until every drop of moisture had been dried from it, lest he should sell his customers water and reap the gain.

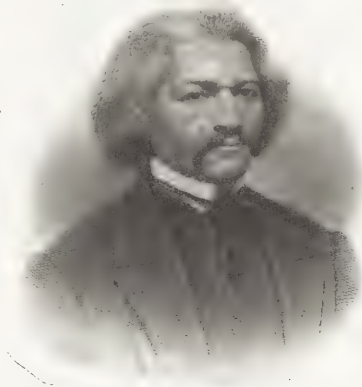
It was at this period in his life that he refused to perform the required military duty, always paying his fines like a Quaker, rather than submit to being drilled and being annoyed with military affairs.

During his residence in Richmond four children were born: Frederick Brown on January 9, 1827; Ruth Brown, February 18, 1829; Frederick Brown 2d., December 31, 1830, and an infant son born August 7, 1832, the child having been buried with his mother, whose death occurred three days later. Although expressing great grief at the death of his wife, Brown married again in the following spring. His second wife was Mary Ann Day, a highly respected young woman of Meadville. Thirteen children blessed the second union, the eldest, Sarah Brown, having been born in Richmond, May 11, 1834.

Brown returned to Ohio in 1835, locating in Franklin Mills, Portage County, not many miles distant from the old homestead in Hudson, in the adjoining County of

Summit. Here he continued at his trade of tanner, and embarked quite extensively as a speculator in real estate, but was unfortunate and lost a considerable sum of money. He also bred racing horses from the horse "Count Piper," and from another called "John McDonald." He broke the young colts himself and had no scruples about breeding race horses at that time, but afterward gave up the business on principle. At first he argued that if he did not breed them, somebody else would; but his son John convinced him that his argument was that of gamblers and slaveholders, and he abandoned the business and went into sheep farming. His property in Franklin was worth at that time about twenty thousand dollars. He was considered a man of excellent business judgment, and was chosen one of the directors of a bank at Cuyahoga Falls, a neighboring town. The financial crash of 1837 ruined his fortune.

It was then that he first conceived the idea of attacking slavery and devoting his life to the cause of the colored man in bond-



Frederick Douglass.

Frederick Douglass, the most celebrated negro of this country, formed an acquaintance with John Brown at Springfield, Mass., where Brown was living in 1847. This acquaintance developed into a firm friendship existing to the day of John Brown's execution.



Portrait of John Brown in 1857.

From a daguerreotype taken in Boston by J. J. Hawes. The photograph was taken at the request of Theodore Parker, Frederick Douglass and other abolitionists, on the occasion of Brown's visit to Boston to obtain funds for his campaign in Kansas and Nebraska.

age. The Western Reserve College was located in Hudson, and political meetings were frequently held there. In 1837, when Elijah Lovejoy, an editor and an abolitionist was murdered at Alton, Illinois, L. R. Hickok, afterward of Union College, was professor at Western Reserve — the only one of the professors there who was at that time an avowed abolitionist. Prof.

Hickok announced the news of Lovejoy's death by a personal call upon each student, stating that recitations were suspended for the day, and calling a meeting in the college chapel that afternoon. There a mass meeting was announced for the following day. Professors, students and citizens filled the church at the appointed hour. Burning words were spoken. The conservative

Professor threw all the repressed enthusiasm of his nature into sentences which depicted the situation and the remedy in vivid colors. Another press was to be established in Alton, citizen soldiers were to guard it, relay after relay if necessary, as the advance guard was shot down, until liberty of speech and freedom of the press were secure. "And if you want me for the first volunteer," concluded the Professor, "I am ready." A hush pervaded the audience. John Brown sat that day in the rear of the church. Hitherto silent, he rose at the conclusion of the Professor's speech and said slowly and distinctly in the hearing of all:

"By the grace of God, I will devote my life from this day to the extinction of slavery."

From that eventful day John Brown patiently awaited the time for action. "Learn to wait" was one of the sterling rules of his life. He held his purpose steadily in view from that time, and was ever on the alert for men of similar ideas, who were ready to join him in his great and serious undertaking. As his sons grew to manhood, he revealed to them his plans, and enlisted them for his long deferred campaign. In 1838, when a colored preacher named Fayette was at Brown's house in Franklin, Brown's sons, his wife and the colored man, were sworn to secrecy, "to do all in their power to abolish slavery."

In Franklin four children were born: Watson Brown, October 7, 1835; Salmon Brown, October 2, 1836; Charles Brown, November 3, 1837, and Oliver Brown, March 9, 1839.

In March, 1839, Brown, with a few companions, started with a drove of cattle for Connecticut, and returned in July of the same year with a flock of sheep. The following year the family removed to their former home in Hudson. Another son, Peter Brown, was born there, December 7, 1840. In the same year John Brown embarked in the wool business with Captain H. Oviatt, of East Richfield, a small village, a few miles west of Hudson. He retained his interest in the tannery at the latter place, making frequent visits there.

During his two years' residence in Richfield he lost by death four of his children in less than three weeks—Sarah, aged 9;

Charles, aged 5; Peter, aged 3, and an infant named Austin. Three of these were buried in the same grave in 1843. His daughter Anne was born there, Dec. 23, 1843.

Of his life at that period his son, Jason Brown, relates the following incident: "It was away back about 1842, I think, when a prominent Kentuckian set his slaves free. Father wrote him a letter of thanks, and arranged for finding some of the late slaves homes in the North. In some way or another the slaves heard father's name and got to talking of him; and so it was not surprising when an occasional runaway came up into Northern Ohio inquiring for John Brown. One cold, snowy winter night, as we all sat around a big log fire in our old-fashioned fire-place, there was a knock at the door, and in came a poor, frost-bitten, nearly naked, half-starved, exhausted negro. On his back were the marks of a flogging received shortly before he ran away from his cruel master. Father was greatly affected by the sight, and when the fugitive had been cared for we were all gathered about the fire-place, and father read a chapter from the Bible, made a prayer, and then, telling us all to stand up and raise our right hands, administered to us an oath to do all in our power to protect runaway slaves and to abolish the slavery curse on American soil."

Early in 1844 Brown took up his residence in Akron, the county seat, twelve miles south of Hudson. He formed a partnership with Colonel Simon Perkins, under the name of Perkins & Brown, engaging in farming and raising cattle for the Eastern market. Colonel Perkins furnished the most of the money invested in the business. Some interesting incidents of Brown's life in Akron are here printed for the first time.

Having failed in a small business enterprise he passed through the old Ohio bankrupt law. He owed a number of parties, among them 'Squire J. C. Buss, of Hudson. Meeting Brown one day, Buss demanded his note. Brown refused to comply with the request.

"Brown, I always thought you to be an honest man," said Buss.

"I am an honest man, Mr. Buss, and I'll show you some day," replied Brown.

A few weeks later he called on Buss and paid the amount of his indebtedness.

On another occasion he purchased a saddle and bridle and started on horseback for his

home. He met one of his creditors who asked him for money.

"Will you take this horse and saddle for the debt?" asked Brown.

"Yes," replied the creditor, and a moment later he was astride the animal, while Brown, thanking him, started afoot for his home.

Brown made several journeys to Massachusetts and Connecticut in the interests of the firm, and in the spring of 1846 took an extended tour through central and southern Ohio, visiting the leading wool growers in those sections of the state, with a view of becoming their agent in New England. In the same year he removed to Springfield, Mass., where he opened a wool depot. One of his sons who had preceded him, made the acquaintance of a colored fugitive from Maryland, named Thomas Thomas, and accompanied him to the African church. Learning of the colored man's good character, he engaged him to work in the wool depot, when John Brown should arrive from Ohio.

Arriving in Springfield, Brown sent for Thomas, who was told to come the next morning and commence work as a porter in the wool warehouse.

"How early shall I come?" he asked.

"We begin work at seven," replied Brown, "but I wish you could come around earlier, for I want to talk with you."

The colored man was in the wool house as early as five o'clock, and to his surprise he found Brown waiting for him. To the negro he unfolded his plans, and invited the young man to join in the enterprise, to which Thomas agreed. This was two years before the Free Soil party came into existence, four years before the Fugitive Slave bill was passed, and nine years before Brown went to Kansas.

Brown resided in Springfield for three years in a house in Franklin street. Circulars were sent out under the name of Perkins & Brown, stating that they were commission wool merchants, wool graders and exporters. Brown understood the value of all grades of wool and knew the better methods of sorting and grading. He believed that some of the manufacturers combined against him, and that they hired a third person in his employ to be more careful of their interests than those of his em-

ployer. The result was a sharp controversy, resulting in a number of law suits, in some of which he came out victorious.

In the meanwhile his business suffered and the firm was finally ruined by shipping a large quantity of wool to Europe, where it was sold at a low figure, falling into the hands of the very men to whom he had refused it in Springfield. Something like 200,000 pounds of wool was sold in London at half its value and then reshipped to Boston.

He was known in Springfield as a quiet, conscientious man and a thorough Christian. His bookkeeper related the fact that Brown and his sons would talk on the slavery question by the hour, in the counting room of the wool depot.

Frederick Douglass gives the following account of his visit to Brown's house in 1847: "Plain as was the outside of his house, the inside was plainer. Its furniture would have satisfied a Spartan. There were no servants—mother, daughter and sons did the serving at table. It is said that a house in some measure reflects the character of its occupants; this one certainly did. In it there were no disguises, no illusions, no make-believes; everything implied stern truth, solid purpose, and rigid economy. Brown fulfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family. Whenever he spoke his words commanded earnest attention. I never felt myself in the presence of a stronger religious influence than while in this man's house."

Speaking of his life in Springfield, his daughter once said: "My father's favorite books of an historical character were 'Rollin's Ancient History,' 'Napoleon and His Marshals,' and the 'Life of Oliver Cromwell.' Of religious works his favorite books were: Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Henry on Meekness,' but above all others the Bible. He had such a perfect knowledge of this book, that when any person was reading it, he could correct the least mistake.

The farewell address of Washington and the sayings of Franklin he held in the greatest esteem among American writings. One of his favorite verses was:

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WHAT MARY KENT DID.

EVERY one in Breesboro knew Mary Kent. Indeed, she was oftentimes a subject of conversation in regions beyond the metes and bounds of that little town. That the conversations in which she figured as the subject matter were not always kindly, goes without saying—or will go in that manner when I record the fact that Mary Kent was a very pretty girl, and she was very well aware of it. She was a girl that always had a man—sometimes several men—at her beck and call; and when she “sat out” a dance it was solely because she wanted to “sit it out;” she never posed in the decorative but trying position of “wall flower.” For the rest she was a vivacious and sparkling young lady with more courage than prudence, though I emphatically refuse to admit that she was deficient in the latter. For reasons best known to themselves, there are many of the sex feminine who look upon girls of Mary Kent’s ilk with no charitable eye. Breesboro had as many women of this sort as the next place—maybe more—and they frequently found Mary Kent a most absorbing subject for figurative vivisection, which, when we remember that even in this enlightened age imaginary faults are far more interesting topics of conversation than the most tangible of virtues, is in no wise remarkable. But that’s enough in the abstract; let’s get down to the concrete.

The thing that disturbed Breesboro and its environs, or, to speak more correctly, the gossiping elements thereof, was Mary Kent’s “carryings-on with the Leicester boys.” I arrived in the town just about the time when these particular “carryings-on” were causing Madame Rumor’s Breesboro representatives to work over time. My arrival and subsequent residence there are not important except as tending to show that I was on the ground and ought to know something about the matter.

The “Leicester boys” owned and conducted a big and fertile farm not far from Breesboro. They were both big fine-looking men; the soubriquet “boys” was a relic of the days when they used to both come to school riding one horse, who bore in addition to his other burdens a dinner-pail

of surprising dimensions—“bigger than either of the riders,” said tradition, but then tradition is notoriously unreliable. Henry Leicester was a year older than his brother Will; both were large, but Henry was dark and Will was light. Strangers considered them alike, often mistaking one for the other; Breesboro people said they could see no resemblance. As a stranger and afterwards a Breesboro man I am bound to say that both views were perfectly correct—there is often an apparent lack of logic in facts. They were certainly very different in disposition; they were devoted to each other, but I always thought and Breesboro agreed with me, that Henry often made way for Will with unnecessary unselfishness and Will never seemed loath to avail himself of advantages thus offered. Both were frank, but Henry was quiet and cool, Will impulsive and hot-tempered. All these traits were emphasized after they began paying court to Mary Kent. Just when they did begin would be hard to say. The Kents and the Leicesters had been intimate and friendly for generations, and it is probable that this complex love affair stole a march on the gossips and was well under way long before it threw Breesboro femininity into throes of agonized curiosity. It was about six months before I migrated thither that the matter became “town talk.” The Leicester boys were among my earliest acquaintances and as acquaintance ripened into friendship, I gradually became the repository of the hopes and fears of both brothers, though neither ever knew I acted as father confessor to the other. I am afraid I was not an impartial spectator or a judicially minded confidant, for I often inwardly raged at the manner in which Henry set Will’s hopes for happiness ahead of his own, and at the entire absence of a reciprocal spirit in Will. But I refrained from arguing with either about that phase of the matter as such argument might easily have led to a betrayal of my dual capacity. Of course, too, I soon got to know Mary Kent, first, because she invariably came to Breesboro every day in the week with one or the other of the Leicesters. Monday it would be Henry; Tuesday it would be Will, and so on. And secondly, because



both the boys insisted that I must call on her. To each of them I expressed great admiration for the girl and that seemed to cement our friendship all the more strongly. I really did admire her very much, and I thought it was hardly necessary to go further and say that I wouldn't give either of them a half-penny for their chances. In the course of the next two or three months, though I saw Miss Kent quite frequently, I did not see anything to make me put a higher value on the Leicester stock. By a coincidence, singular or otherwise, this estimate of mine tallied very closely with the opinion of Breesboro gossips, but we drew very different conclusions therefrom.

The gossips said: "She is outrageous; she doesn't care a bit for either of those boys, and is just luring them on to fall in love with her, and then she will break both their hearts. It's shameful; she's a horrid little flirt; she will spoil the lives of two of our best citizens." And so it went on. Some of this was perfectly true, but I confess I was unable to see why Miss Kent should be blamed and the Leicester boys pitied—both to such an unlimited extent. It has always seemed to me that a man is, or ought to be, able to look out for himself, and if he fails, either through incapacity or carelessness, then he has no place in our highly Christianized and rapidly progressing nineteenth century. This is the case in most of the affairs of life, why shouldn't it be so in love? Therefore, while I agreed with feminine Breesboro as to the main facts, I didn't agree in the wholesale condemnation of Mary Kent.

People who are the subjects of neighborhood's speculations are the last ones to know it. Hence the Leicester boys lived in happy or unhappy ignorance of the interest and commiseration they excited. They regarded each other as rivals, though, if they felt any of the animosity usually existing between rivals, they concealed it with marked success; I don't think they felt it. Henry was confident he would win if Will didn't, and Will felt sure of his own ultimate success.

One night about eleven o'clock I sat in my office in Breesboro looking up certain law points that were hazy in my mind. That was what I had been doing, at least, but having cleared up what I wanted, I lit a pipe and, leaning back in my chair, my mind dwelt on Mary Kent and the Leicester boys. It

was an engrossing subject for I failed to hear the door open and was only roused from my meditations by:

"Hullo, Jack."

It was Henry Leicester. With one glance at his face I jumped up, without acknowledging his salutation, and exclaimed:

"Great God, Hal! What's the matter?"

He was pale to the lips, and his expression was that of a man who had been through some awful ordeal.

"I'm done for," he said, throwing his gauntlets on the table and sitting down.

"Done for?"

"Mary Kent's going to marry Will."

"The devil she is!"

"Yes," he went on, in a quiet, monotonous way some men have when they are badly hurt and that is more horrible to listen to than groans. "I asked her to marry me to-night and she refused; gave me a lot of brother-and-sister rot. I've feared it all the time, but I am knocked silly all the same. My God! Jack, you don't know how I love that girl, and to-night she was so sweet I lost my head; I didn't intend to tell her for a while, but it makes no difference; it would have been the same thing, soon or late. Will suits her best; I don't blame her."

"So she's accepted Will?"

"Oh, no," he went on, wearily, "not yet; but she will; who else is there?"

"Yes; who else?" I echoed.

"God knows I hope they'll be happy; but Jack I can't stay here now. I came here to-night partly to tell you about the end of my love story, but mostly to get you to take charge of my affairs. Will and I talked this over some time ago and agreed that whichever of us won Mary would buy the other's half in the old place, so you can fix it up with him."

I argued with him that it would be better to wait a while and not act hastily; that maybe Miss Kent would change her mind, but my heart was not in my voice I know, and Henry shook his head.

"No; it's no use to talk that way; the thing's settled, and I am not going to stay here to be gloated over by these d——d old women in Breesboro."

I pointed out to him that unless he told them, they couldn't know anything about it, but he was the worst hurt man I ever saw, and nothing would do but that he should

leave town on the early train next morning. He stayed all night with me and told me he would send his address as soon as he was settled somewhere.

Sometimes it is difficult to apply general maxims to particular cases; there were periods in that last conversation with Henry Leicester when I was tempted to look at Mary Kent through the eyes of Breesboro gossips.

I was a good deal surprised that Will did not come to Breesboro the next morning, for I supposed Henry had told him of his intended departure; I afterwards learned that he had come straight from Kent's to my office that night. In the afternoon my door was flung violently open and Will, very much flushed, rushed in. Seeing that I was engaged with a client he leaned against the wall and savagely switched the leg of his boot with his riding whip. No sooner had the other man gone when Leicester burst out:

"This is a h——l of a world!"

I silently subscribed to his criticism and awaited further developments.

"Yes, it is," he insisted, as though I had denied his first assertion. "And this place is the hottest part of it. Jack Alcott, I want you to let your other business go to the devil, or where it will, and help me straighten out my affairs. I'm going to leave this d——d country to-day. Hal Leicester" (it was one of Will's peculiarities that he always spoke of his brother as "Hal Leicester," never as "Hal" alone) "is going to buy my half of the farm; we've fixed it up. Oh," in response to a query of mine as to the cause of his action, "it's that little flirt over at Judge Kent's. She has fooled me to the top of my bent. Hal Leicester had better look out that she doesn't fool him. I always thought you were a fool, Alcott, that you didn't fall in love with her, but you've got more sense than both of us put together."

I modestly deprecated such extravagant flattery and told him about Henry's going away. I left out the reason for it, but Will guessed it at once.

"She's worse than I thought. Poor old Hal Leicester," he exclaimed.

The way he blamed everything on the girl revived my weakening faith in the ability of men to take care of themselves.

"Look here, Will, I'll be hanged if I see where the crime Miss Kent has committed comes in."

"You don't, eh? Well, we'll leave myself out of the question, but don't you see the harm in flirting with poor old Hal Leicester, and breaking his heart?"

"Oh, I'm something of a skeptic about the brittleness of hearts; besides, if she had accepted you and 'broken' Hal's heart that way, I don't believe you would be so infernally sharp in your criticisms."

"A girl has no right to encourage a man if she doesn't care for him," returned Leicester oracularly if not relevantly.

"What do you mean by 'encouraging' a man?"

"Oh,—er—d—n it—making him think she cares for him; treating him white; smiling and blushing when he comes' round. 'Thunder, Jack! You know what I mean, well enough."

I did know what he meant, and I couldn't hold Mary Kent guiltless, but that theory was demanding support.

"Do you expect a girl to turn her back on all the men because they haven't sense enough to put a true valuation on her smiles? Would you have her tell a man she can't marry him before he asks her? You know well, Will, that nothing but a positive refusal could have made you believe you hadn't a through ticket to Miss Kent's affections. Why any old maid in Breesboro could have told you how your affair was coming out."

"I'm d——d if you're very civil, Jack, and I don't agree with you; still love is proverbially blind and there is something in what you say. But she was to blame as well as we; however, it's over now, and I'm going to follow Hal Leicester."

I did my best to show him the folly of selling the place and all that, but the upshot of it was that he went; and I was the richer in pocket and the poorer in friends as the result of the "carrying-on" with the Leicester boys. They settled in Nebraska, and when I last heard were doing well.

And Mary Kent?

Well, you see, I married her, which may account for several things.

WARD CRUIKSHANK.

## JUDITH OF KEYE'S GRIF.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A GRIF, on the North Yorkshire coast, is a narrow, rocky chasm running down from the high land, and opening sheer upon the seacoast. Keye's Grif was an old colony of fishers; no one knew how old, nor just where the original colonists had come from, but in appearance they were quite distinct from the men who lived on the top of the Grif, and who were farmers and horsemen. The two races despised each other. If there was any intercourse between them it was entirely for business purposes. They took no part in each other's festivities, and intermarriage was a circumstance that hardly occurred once in a generation. When it did occur, it was violently opposed and was usually provocative of estrangement and misery.

Some years ago there was a girl living in Keye's Grif who was inclined to defy this prejudice. Her name was Judith Kemp. She was a fisher lass, passing handsome, with fine eyes, superb coloring, smooth black hair, ringed ears, and a picturesque dress of many colors. The girl's father had been drowned as he was returning from a long voyage, and almost within sight of his home, and her mother died five years afterward. Judith was then fifteen years old, full of life and strength, tall, supple, broad-shouldered and erect as a young pine tree. She had also a proud, self-dependent spirit; she refused all help, but boldly faced the world and asked it for a living.

She found it in many ways. Sometimes among the nets and the fishers; and again, among the farmers in the hay fields or the wheat fields. Everywhere her capable strength and good humor gained her a welcome. She made money and saved money, and lived on it in her little cottage, respected by the whole village and dearly loved by two of the young fishermen of Keye's—Sam Dene and Thomas Lyne. The mothers who lived in Fisher's Row watched her on the sands with the young men, and could not find out which she favored more. In the dances and merry-makings she treated them with an equality of kindness; and if she walked with Sam Dene in the morning,

she might be seen strolling seaward with Thomas Lyne in the evening.

"Yet I don't think Judith will be so unknowing as to get wed to Sam Dene," said one gossip to another, as they watched the girl talking with Sam on the little pier. The sun was going down, and the tide coming in, and Sam was making for the boats, for he had a pile of nets over his shoulder. His hair was black and his eyes were black, and he had gold earrings in his ears. A blue woolen cap was set on his curls, his great chest was covered with a thick Guernsey, and his big boots came up to his thighs. The boat was waiting, but he stopped Judith—who was passing him with an offish nod—and laying his hand firmly on her arm, said:

"Stand a minute, my lass. I have a word to say to thee."

"When I am thy lass, Sam Dene, I will stand for thy word."

"Thou art my lass. I will take very good care thou weds no one but Sam Dene."

"I shall ask thee nothing about my wedding. Get that truth into the back of thy head as quick as thou can. And off with thy hand; I've got a good character to keep up, and it takes me all my time without passing words with thee."

"Where art thou going? Tell me that."

"I'll tell thee with a relish. I'm going up to Farmer Dykes', to be ready for the haying to-morrow morning."

"Judith, ourselves for ourselves. Keye's folks don't marry outsiders."

"Who's talking of marrying? Thou knows well that I am going for work and wages."

"And for Will Dykes, the farmer's son. He has found the road down the Grif too often lately. Some day he won't find it back again—if he comes after thee."

"Boasting is a coward's business, Sam. And Will Dykes is more than a match for any man of thy size. Besides, I won't be threatened nor ordered. Mind that! I'll wed when I like, and I'll wed who I like—even if it be William Dykes—now then!"

"I loved thee before thou wert sweet-heart high, Judith."

"More than thou did that. Your mates are calling, the boats are waiting; run with thy best foot forward."

He tried to kiss her, but she drew herself sharply away, and lifted her hand meaningly, to protect her lips. Then Sam shrugged his shoulders and went off with a last warning. For a few moments Judith watched him. He carried himself finely, even though weighted with his sea boots and nets; and she noticed the swagger, and laid it to his temper.

"He is handsome enough," she thought, "and every day he is after me; but I won't be badgered into saying 'yes.' It takes two for a bargain, though one may make a bid."

She soon left the seashore and climbed the rocky path leading up the Grif. As she walked inland, the smell of the drying grass and the homely flowers in the little gardens filled her senses, and before she reached Dykes' farm the gloaming was past, and a light like that of dreamland was lying over all. The cattle were resting, the birds asleep, the silence made deeper by the low whimper and murmur of the river. Her heart was softened by the long, lonely walk in the sensitive atmosphere; and by the train of thought which had beguiled her way and which ran in the following direction:

"I must marry myself soon, or I'll have to take shame for my maidenhood. All the lasses are married before my age; and Peggy Thurstall told me yesterday I would have to take a man to care for my good name. Whom shall I take? Not Sam Dene; I've told him and double told him I would not be his wife—and I won't! Then there's Thomas Lyne. The lad loves me—loves me too much—he's afraid to sit, or stand, or speak when I am in his way. I don't know, I'm sure, what I could do with a man of that kind. He's been going to the Methodists, too. I never could stand a Methodist! Sam called him 'a soft lot.' I should despise a man if he were my 'soft lot.'"

At this point in her reflection she heard someone say her name in a tone that was in itself a caress. "Judith!" The speaker came from behind a hawthorn hedge, leaped a stile, and was at her side in a moment. He took her hand and stroked and petted it,

and called her Beauty and Queen and Darling, and said he had been sick with the longing to see her. And this night Will Dykes had fortune with him. Judith had mentally cast off both her fisher lovers, and this fair, rosy youth, smelling of hay and milking kine, took her unsettled fancy. Yet she did not respond to Will's pleading without some of her native consideration.

"Thy father and mother will be vexed, Will. I have noticed that they didn't like thy making of me."

"It is not thee," answered Will, eagerly. "I'll tell thee what it is. My father was in the boat that went down with thy father. He saw him drown. It is an ugly memory, Judith, and thou reminds him of what he wants to forget. He told me so."

"Then how could he bear me in his sight every day?"

"He would get used to seeing thee, Judith. He has got used to it. When thou first came here he went out of thy way. When he first saw that I loved thee, he was in a passion. Now, he is glad enough to see thee; and he was joking with me to-night about watching for thee. Indeed, he likes the thought of our marriage now."

And when a woman has half given in, she easily gives in the other half. Besides, it was soon evident that Farnes Dykes was for some reason—inscrutable to all who knew him—much elated.

There was a period of apparent dislike and annoyance, during which the old man wandered aimlessly about and muttered a great deal to himself, but one morning he seemed to come to some conclusion which settled and satisfied him. Then he was gayer about Will's marriage than anyone. Every event concerning it was interesting. He made jokes about Will's infatuation, praised Judith's beauty, and indulged in innuendos which promised some unusual good fortune. His wife really feared he was "losing his grip of himself."

As the marriage day drew near she also began to look mysterious, and their kindness to Judith knew no bounds. Such a pretty room as was prepared for her, Judith had never imagined. Will's mother was never tired of showing it to her neighbors, and of saying "it was none too good for the girl." In fact the mother highly appreciated Judith's skill and strength. There was no one

who could toss the hay, or bind the corn, or bake, or wash, or clean, as Judith could. She knew that she was getting a daughter-in-law who would be a household pillar of strength.

In the village the match at first met strong and bitter opposition. Judith had to endure not only the scorn and raillery of the fisher wives, but the anger of Sam Dene and the expostulations of Thomas Lyne. She was quite able to pay these debts in kind, and this constant defense of her position and her inland lover, really did produce in her heart a decided liking for what she had constantly to praise and protect. And, of course, her fidelity finally brought matters to a truce. A feeling of justice and toleration grew, and Peggy Thurstall—who had always taken a motherly interest in Judith—said one day to the gossips who had been discussing Judith's marriage:

"Dear knows! when women go out to get married, they go out to meet sorrow, so they do. We've been badgering the lass long enough. She has set her heart on old Dykes' son. Let her take him in peace and comfort."

"I can't understand it," said Betty Coombs. "Sam Dene is twice the fellow. Such black eyes! And such nice, black, curling hair as Sam has! I can't seem to understand it."

"Thou ought to understand a deal, Betty, about men and things, thou, with two grandfathers and one grandmother, and a father and mother, too. If anybody has wisdom at their hearthstone, thou has it, surely."

Just at this moment Judith entered Peggy's house. She had been into Anstruther, and had rowed herself home, and she was in a glow of such radiant health and beauty as made the women wonder and catch their breath.

"We were just talking about you, Judith," said Peggy. "And we were all of us giving you good wishes."

"Oh, what a tale!" laughed Judith. "But if any of you have good wishes to give, let me have them, for I don't care to buy them at any price. I've been to Anstruther and I'm a bit tired. I've been getting my wedding dress fit. I may as well tell you, for you are sure to find it out."

"Aren't you a bit of a fool, Judith?"

"There's so many different sorts of fools, Peggy. But I'm going to get wed on the fourteenth of September, and I hope some of you will go up the Grif with me."

"It would be a bad do if we let thee go off alone. Art thou to be married up there?"

"Yes, in the Methodist chapel at Gaysome. Will and Will's father go there. Will's father is a trustee and a class leader, and they are set on having their preacher put the ring on. It doesn't matter a penny bit who puts it on."

"They'll be having lots of eating and drinking I suppose?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Will says he will send three double carriages from Anstruther to bring me and my friends up the Grif."

This was exciting news, indeed. Not one woman there had ever been in a carriage, and Judith's invitations to take a seat were received with delight. Such an unparalleled event excused the unpopular match; and when the great morning arrived, three large wagonettes stopped at Judith's door to take her and her friends to Gaysome Chapel, where they were to meet the bridegroom and his friends.

Only Judith was silent and uncheerful. She was dressed in a pretty white muslin frock, and a Tuscan hat trimmed with a wreath of white roses; and ordinarily these splendors would have been sufficient to put her in a humor of exuberant joyousness. But she had awakened in a singular mood of vigilance and caution. She was depressed, too, and she could not lift her spirits to the occasion, try as she would. Her whole nature seemed to be on guard, on watch, for some unlooked-for event. Her pretty clothes had lost their charm; she had fallen below all the enthusiasm of the hour; and yet, never had she been so mentally alert and bright.

Peggy Thurstall came in, in all her Sunday finery, while Judith was tying the strings of her hat. She drew the white satin ribbons through her fingers thoughtfully, and said:

"Peggy, something is going to happen."

"Stuff! You can't feel, but you overfeel. Nothing will happen worse than wife-making."

"That may be bad enough."

"It may. Hanging and marrying are



no better than they are called. Come, lass, hurry up! It's ill-luck to keep a wedding party waiting for the bride."

"Bride!" and she laughed hysterically. "Peggy, something is going to happen."

"Of course, something is going to happen. Thou art going to be married. Come away, now. I never saw thee half so handsome before. Art thou ready?"

"Aye; I'm ready now—for whatever comes."

She went out then into the sunshine, and the well-filled wagons gave her a hearty cheer; and as they drove through the village the cheer was repeated and prolonged until the girl's face blazed, and she said in an angry whisper to Peggy: "I feel just like a fool."

In less than an hour they reached Gay-some Methodist chapel: a square, gaunt building standing on the moor outside the village. Great hills threw miles of shadow over it; and from the lonely farms came a constant melancholy cadence of the lowing of cattle and the shouts of shepherds and farming men. The scene was depressing, even in the autumn sunshine; and Judith thought involuntarily of the ever-changing sea, and the clustered cottages on its shore, of the village inn, and the social life of the fishing men and women.

But there was now no space for repentance; she had chosen her lot, and she would not even suffer her thoughts to make any comparisons. Indeed her environment at the moment permitted her no reflection. There was quite a crowd around the little chapel, and quite a crowd in the interior. The singing seats and the pews directly in front of the communion table had been reserved for the bride and her friends; and, as Judith entered, Will came forward and led her to a central place in this reserve. Will's mother was there to welcome her; but his father sat inside the railing, beside the preacher. Judith wondered at this; and wondered also at the nervous, self-satisfied manner of the old man.

When all the company had found seats the preacher rose and gave out the wedding hymn. Five verses were heartily sung, and then there was a momentary pause. Every eye was fixed upon the bride, and she was expecting the preacher to summon her and Will to stand up before the railing; but in-

stead of this, he looked at Will's father, who rose smiling, and yet trembling so much that he had to steady himself by leaning heavily on the table by which he had been sitting. There was something on this table covered with a white kerchief, and his eyes wandered continually between it and the congregation.

"Speak out, brother!" said the preacher; and after a great effort Simon Dykes said:

"Brothers and sisters: It's a common thing to give a bride a dowry, and I'm going to give Judith Kemp hers. I'll tell you how I came to have it. It chanced, as luck let it, ten years ago this back end, that I was in Whitby, and on the pier I met Sam Kemp, who had just landed from an Indianman lying there. I said to Sam 'let's have a drink,' and we went into a public, and were taking our glass, when the captain of *The Flying Fish* came in. He was an old friend of Sam Kemp's and glad to see him home again; and he asked Sam if he would sail *The Flying Fish* as far as Redcar for him. He had got his hand crushed badly, and he wanted to stay and see a doctor. Sam Kemp said he would do so if there was no objection to him stopping off at Keye's for an hour to kiss his wife and little lass, and let them know he was safe and sound. That was right, and I said I would go with Sam. Well, brothers and sisters, as you know, *The Flying Fish* was going to pieces on Black Man's Reef when the first streak of dawn came. Any of you remember?"

"Aye! Aye!" was the answer of several in the crowd.

"Well, then, the coast guard put out the life boat, and Sam Kemp he came to me and said: 'Simon, I must stick by the ship that was put in my hand to the last, but you and most of the men, can go in the first boat load. I don't think,' he said, 'that *The Flying Fish* will hold together till they get back again, so,' he said, 'here's a bit of gold I have saved for my little lass. Take good care of it—if I never come back'—and then I was forced into the boat, and the sea was thundering over us, and I heard him no more. And I saw him no more. He was swept off *The Flying Fish* before we reached land, and the ship was torn up into match wood. I dare say you remember."

"Aye!" came from one man in a gruff voice. The rest were silent,

"I have taken good care of the gold. The preacher has counted it sovereign by sovereign, and every penny is there, according to Sam Kemp's own note of it. There is one hundred sovereigns in this bag, and two fifty pound Bank of England notes; and one twenty pound note, and that is two hundred and twenty pounds sterling. Take it, Judith, my dear, it is all there, to the last farthing."

With these words he removed the kerchief, and held out a little bag of canvas, covered with oilskin, and looked complacently first at the preacher, and then at the people before him. He evidently counted on some enthusiastic expression of pleasure and praise from them, and was dashed at the dead silence following his speech.

Judith broke it. She stood up and turned to her friends.

"What do you think of this kind of a rascal?" she asked, passionately. "He saw my mother fighting wind and weather to feed and clothe herself and her little lass, and he kept my money! He saw my mother dying, and often needing doctors and medicine to soothe her, in her sore pain; and he kept my money! He saw me, a lass of fifteen, out in all weathers, pinching myself to pay my mother's burying debt; and he kept my money! I have wanted the education I should have had; the clothing I should have had; the food I should have had; the bit of pleasure and rest I should have had; for he kept my money—the money my poor father worked hard for, and trusted to his hand and his honor. His honor, indeed! Preacher, you may shut your Book. I'll never marry the son of such a black scoundrel. Never! Never!"

"Judith! Judith!" cried Will, falling down at her feet in the sight of all. "I didn't know it! I didn't know a word of it! Before God I swear it! Father, tell her so. Mother, can't you speak the truth for me? Judith, Judith, listen to me!"

"I'll not listen to a word from thee!" cried the girl, shaking herself free from his clinging hands. "It's a plan, and a plot, and thy father sent thee courting me. I would never have heard tell of my money if I had been going to wed another lad. I'll not have thee, with thy money; but I'll have every penny due me, without thee. Keep thy hands off me! Don't thee speak

a word to me! Fisher lads and fisher wives, will you stand by me to-day?"

"We will that! We will that!" came like one strong voice from all the sea folk present.

She smiled radiantly, and spread out her hands toward them. "You heard him say there was two hundred and twenty pounds, all mine. You will make the old rascal stand up to his own words."

And there was no possibility of misunderstanding the emphatic "We will that!"

"And there's the interest on it, too," shouted an old fisher who walked forward into the aisle. "Take notice, Simon Dykes. I was Sam Kemp's mate when we were lads together, and I'll see that thou pays both principal and interest. Thou old thieving landshark! And when thou hast paid Judith her last penny, that isn't all; then thou wilt have God Almighty to square with. Come, my lass, this is no place for thee."

He turned to the door, and the whole congregation rose. Will sunk weeping upon the floor, and his mother knelt down beside him. Judith never looked at the prostrate man, but as she turned into the aisle, Thomas Lyne stepped forward and offered her his arm. She took it gratefully, and let him help her into the wagon standing at the chapel door. The one Sam Dene had charge of had already filled and was going toward the Grif. Judith's wagon was soon behind it. She let her companions wonder and exclaim, but she sat by Thomas Lyne's side with her hands tightly clasped and her lips firmly closed.

"I'll talk to-morrow," she said, when spoken to. "I've nothing to say now." But Thomas drew her close to his side, and laid his hand gently upon hers and kept silence, and she was grateful to him.

The trouble of the morning was not over. Half way down the rocky road a piece of blowing paper startled the horses. They swerved and reared and began to run. The heavy vehicle swayed violently to and fro, and the men and women, unused to horses and riding, shrieked in mortal terror. Judith uttered one cry and looked at Thomas. He was on the point of fainting. If he had been at the wheel of a fishing smack, with the waves doubling over her and the wind tearing her sails to ribbons, and the great mast going overboard, he would have been

brave and calm, full of courage and resolution, and up to the last tittle of his duty and his possibilities; but the plunging, rearing animals, taking the bit in their mouths, and likely to dash them all to death, turned him faint.

The driver kept his seat, however, and in a few minutes Judith saw a man leap from the wagon ahead and stand firmly in the middle of the road. He caught the reins of the horses and struck them a powerful blow that brought them to a sudden standstill. Then the driver descended, and the creatures were reasoned with, and Judith called out: "Sam Dene! Thou hast saved us all. I want to get down from here. I'm going to walk; they may ride that like."

Three others got down, and among the three was Thomas Lyne; but Judith passed him scornfully and stepped forward by the side of Sam Dene. And poor Thomas felt that he had lost all that he had gained. He was sure that Judith thought him a coward, and yet the lad knew that he had as firm and brave a heart as ever beat in mortal breast—knew that it was sheer physical terror that had assailed him. But how was he to prove this to Judith?

Sam led her home in as quiet a way as possible to her own little cot. There she bid him see that the company had the festal dinner ordered for them at the Ship Inn.

"For I'll tell thee, Sam," she said, "they have as good reason to rejoice as can be. I have just missed a scoundrel by the skin of my teeth and I'm as glad as glad can be."

"Won't thou come, when it's a bit later, Judith? We shall none of us think it much of a dooment without thee."

"Nay," she answered, "I shall lock my door and draw my curtain, and thankgive a bit by myself. Don't bother about me. I'll be all right in the morning."

She did as she said she would—locked her door, drew her curtain across the small window, and then took off her bridal finery, and put it carefully away. She spoke not a word to herself, as she did so; but a little scornful laugh as she shut the drawer was an emphatic key to her thoughts. Then she made a cup of strong tea, and, as she drank it, looked at the clock ticking above her head, and said:

"They'll just be sitting down to dinner at The Ship. I hope they'll be as merry

as I want them to be; they'll be merrier without me; they can talk me over, and—my word!—it will be a long time before they'll get as grand a bit of gossip again."

In the morning she was on the pier with her creels at four o'clock. She filled them with fresh fish and went into the village of Gaysome to sell them. While there she saw a famous local lawyer, and put her case into his hands; then she returned to Keye's and behaved precisely as if nothing had happened.

With a brave heart and a bright face she took up naturally her old work and her old place, and set herself so stubbornly against anything like pity that there was nothing to do but accept her own view of the situation.

Yet in the solitude of her own cottage she was unhappy; for she was a woman to whom love was life, but who could not love unworthily. She cast Will Dykes from her heart, and never gave him one kind thought after his father's confession. Nothing could persuade her that Will was innocent. He had wooed her because his father told him she would have two hundred pounds; and her contempt for the man killed at one stroke her love for him. Sam Dene was now too eager. He was full of schemes, which, though he did not say so, must be dependent upon her money. She wished Thomas Lyne had not shown himself such a coward on that dreadful morning—that morning of all others when he ought to have stood courageously by her. All the winter she kept herself free from any lover. "I have had enough of lads for a season," she said.

Sam Dene pleaded with her, and quarreled with her, and drank a great deal, and laid the sin at Judith's door.

She drove him to gin and water, he said, and she would drown him before the winter was over. The latter threat was very nearly true. He went to sea one day, when no one but a drunken man would have ventured out, and he struck on the Black Man's reef, and the little cobble was stove in her head, and filled immediately. Sam clambered on to the rocks, and thoroughly sobered, began to cry for help. Thomas Lyne and three other men had seen the accident, and Thomas said:

"The tide will be twelve feet high over that rock in eight minutes. Sam can't swim, and I can, and I'm the only unmarried man here; give me a rope and I'll go."

Then this rare fellow fastened the rope under his armpits; flung off his heavy boots and his heavy pilot coat, and with a breast stroke that never made a splash, struck off. The spray cut his face and half blinded him, but he went doggedly on, until he got hold of the seaweed that fringed the sharp, jagged reef rocks. He looked Sam in the face, and said: "Come," and as he took him under the arms, shouted, and the men watching on shore ran inward with the straining rope.

Sam was saved, and Peggy Thurstall ran into Judith's cottage with the brave little story.

"Thomas Lyne was bleeding at the mouth, when he touched shallow water," she said, "but he saved Sam's life; and Sam cried a bit, and said it was not worth saving. No more it is, if he goes on drinking in such a way. He says it is thou who art driving him to it."

Judith leaped to her feet in a passion. "It's a lie!" she cried. "It's a silly lie. If a girl won't wed a man when he is a sober man, what a born fool she would be to wed him when he's made a sodden drunkard of himself! Sam is a big coward, and I despise a coward."

"Nay; he isn't that. Mind, my lass, how he stopped them raging, roaring, galloping horses! I'll never forget the courage of the lad."

"For all that he's a coward, who can't take a disappointment without glasses and glasses of gin and water. A lad who drowns trouble, love trouble, money trouble, or any kind of trouble in drink, is a coward. I have said 'no' to Thomas Lyne as well as to Sam Dene, and Thomas doesn't go to a public house to whimper, and call me names over glasses of drink."

"No. Thomas goes to the Methodist meeting house. They do say that he found peace last back-end; anyway, he is always now at the prayer meetings, and the class-meetings, and the preachings."

Judith did not answer. Keye's village had never troubled itself much on religious subjects. There was no place of worship nearer than Gaysome church or chapel, and the weather was so often conveniently stormy on Sundays that the church was mainly used for the purpose of consecrating the great events of the fishers' lives—their baptism, marriage and burial; or in case of any great

deliverance, for the special offering of thanks. Latterly the Methodists had been making some efforts for the religious life of the people; but there was generally a feeling of contempt for the Methodists.

"Why-a!" said Peggy, "their preacher comes in nothing but common clothes, no tails, mind ye; just a jacket and a black tie."

However, when Peggy left that day, Judith became very thoughtful. Thomas Lyne had ceased coming to see her, and he was going constantly to Gaysome chapel. Judith was not religious. She could not conceive how anyone could go regularly to chapel for love of God. She decided that Thomas had found some other girl up at Gaysome, and that the chapel was the excuse. And the thought troubled her.

"I don't care the snap of my finger for Thomas," she said, angrily, as she washed up her solitary teacup; "but I think he might have taken up with a fisher lass. It's a fair disgrace, him going up the Grif for a sweetheart, and I hope he'll get served as I did for it."

Then she threw a little scarlet shawl over her black hair and went down the sands to Peggy's house. As she drew near to it, she heard some one singing on the pier, and saw the men and women strolling that way. She did likewise. The man was Thomas Lyne. There were titters, and low laughs and scornful ejaculations on all sides; but Thomas sang the hymn through; some verses he sang twice, and with every line he gathered strength and enthusiasm until his voice rang out clear as a trumpet, and his face shone with the glory of his faith.

Sam Dene listened with a scornful smile, but he did not dare to open his lips; he saw something on Judith's face which made him afraid to do so. Besides, he owed his life to Thomas, and though he hated him for the favor, he could not in decency express his hatred. When the hymn had been sung, Thomas repeated the Lord's Prayer, and no one spoke while he did so, and what was more singular, no one went away.

The next Sunday night Thomas Lyne was on the pier again, and this time he said a few words to his mates about the joy and comfort in believing. Judith was there. And so Sunday after Sunday, as the spring grew to summer, the meetings grew and grew,

until they began to talk of building a chapel and organizing a society. Then Judith, who had never said a word about the services, or about Lyne's marvelous power over the men and women whom he had drawn together, astonished everyone by saying: "I'll give twenty pounds toward building a chapel."

Then Thomas, for the first time in many months, looked her full in the face, and his eyes were shining with joy and love, and Judith trembled with pleasure, and a wish to speak to him again came into her heart. She lingered a little when the people began to disperse, and Thomas somehow knew that she was waiting for him. He went to her side and said:

"Judith, may I walk home with thee to-night?"

And she answered softly: "Aye, I'll be glad if thou wilt, Thomas."

When they reached her cottage they sat down together on the step at the door, and Thomas spoke to her many great and gracious words, mingling them, now and then, with some tender personal epithet. And women love best of all the man who brings to the front the noblest and highest side of their nature. Judith was softened and uplifted, and a love of the purest kind was born in her breast that night. Thomas knew it. He had no more fear to call upon her. Very soon he began to call for her when there was to be a service, and quietly, and without observa-

tion, their affection grew and ripened into marriage.

For more than three years they lived joyfully in the usual way of the Keye's fishers, and yet those three years were preparing great changes in their lives. Thomas during them became so famous as a local preacher that the conference took note of the man and asked him to come up to Richmond college and be prepared for the regular ministry. This great news was given out one Sunday night in the little chapel of Keye's, and was the subject of wonderful rejoicing among the Keye's fishermen and women.

Fortunately there were no financial difficulties to meet. Simon Dykes had given up Judith's portion—principal and interest—upon demand, and the money had never been touched. Judith put it at once in Whitby bank, and there it was safely lying. It went now to help Thomas through college, and to give him that start forward which resulted in his attaining to the highest offices in his church. And Judith kept step with him in all things relating to her new position. Her great beauty prepared the way for her, and her fine character helped her over all difficulties. And the influence of Thomas over her was wholly good, his fine nature—calm and yet aspiring—ennobled and steadied her strong, impulsive temperament, and his soul attracted her soul, by a gravitation like that which one star exerts upon another star.

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## STAMPS ENCLOSED FOR REPLY.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

**B**Y the accident of my presence in the New Holland Hotel at the moment when Holman Brand, the broker, met his strange fate, and by my acquaintance with the detectives in the case, I obtained a knowledge of it which should enable me to add something of interest to the accounts already published.

Mr. Brand, it will be remembered, was of the firm of Brand & Avery, with offices on Pine street, near Broadway. When the

New Holland was opened, a little more than a year ago, the firm established a branch office there, with an entrance from the avenue and another from the main hall of the hotel.

I was passing through the hall when the outcry consequent upon the sudden death of Mr. Brand rose discordant above the blending voices of the great house and the busy street. There were some hundreds of people within sound of that cry, and all of them, I venture to say, stood still, as I did, ar-

rested in their various pursuits by the transcending interest of death. For there was that in the alarm which meant death, and no one could mistake it.

Immediately, a boy with a scared face rushed out of the broker's office into the hall. Catching sight of an elderly gentleman who chanced to be directly before the door, the boy cried out: "You're Dr. Bell, ain't you? They sent me to find a doctor."

"I am Dr. Bell," was the reply. "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Brand's dropped dead," replied the boy. "I saw him do it."

Horror at the occurrence and pride in his share of it seemed to be contending in the youth's mind. I have observed the same phenomenon in many persons of mature years, including myself. We think better of ourselves when calamity takes us into her confidence. Inceed, I have seen a man saved from suicide by the new interest in himself that came from the chance witnessing of a distressing catastrophe.

Dr. Bell ran into the broker's office, and I, being conveniently near him, followed close upon his heels. Otherwise I should not have got in, for a policeman who had entered from the avenue immediately closed the door communicating with the hotel, and denied admittance to all save those who could give a better reason for desiring it than idle curiosity—as I could not. A tall young man had just locked the street door, and was then engaged in pulling up the shades. Almost the whole of the front of the office was glass; and already there were a hundred people looking in. There were not more than half a dozen persons in the office besides those who have been mentioned. Two of them were evidently employees. Another I recognized as Harold Brand, nephew of the broker, and his assistant in the management of the office. The others seemed to be players of the stock game.

The nephew stood beside a chair in which sat Holman Brand in an attitude so natural that I could not believe him to be dead. His handsome face, framed in abundant gray hair, showed not a trace of pain. On the contrary, his expression was eloquent of happiness. He was as one transfixed. If the bliss of heaven had been revealed to him in the moment when his soul put off its earthly vesture, thus and not otherwise should the mor-

tal part have echoed the rapture of the spirit.

Dr. Bell had hurried to the dead man's side, but after a few seconds spent in the ordinary tests he had stepped back. When I turned to him I found him gazing upon the corpse with an interest equal to my own, but of a different nature. It was a scientific experiment to him.

The impressive silence was broken at last by Harold Brand, who asked if there was any hope.

"None whatever," replied the physician. "He is quite beyond recall."

"It was terribly sudden," said the young man, with a shudder. "Have you any idea what was the cause?"

"I have a very distinct idea," said Dr. Bell, "but it will be hard to get legal proof of it."

"Great heaven! Do you suspect——"

"Poison," said the doctor, gravely.

"There is every indication of it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Harold Brand. "You must be mistaken."

"Did you see your uncle eat or drink anything just before he was stricken?"

"I remember that he drank a glass of water."

There was the ordinary water-cooler in a corner of the office. Dr. Bell walked up to it, and smelled the glass which stood beside it.

"I can detect nothing here," he said. "However, the glass should be saved for examination."

"Leave it there," said the policeman. "I'll see that it isn't disturbed. I think Coroner Robertson will be here in a few minutes. He has been notified, and he lives near."

There was a pause, and then at Dr. Bell's request Harold Brand related the circumstances of his uncle's death. They were very simple.

He had been in the office about an hour, and had dictated some letters. Then he had written one. It lay sealed before him on his desk. I glanced at it, and read the address:

MARGARET BRAND,  
CORNWALL, N. Y.

Dr. Bell also glanced at it.

"A relative, of course," he said.



"I never heard of her," replied Harold. At this moment the coroner arrived. The tall young man whom I have mentioned as having locked the street door and pulled up the curtain admitted Dr. Robertson. Then he turned, and to my great surprise I saw that he was Horace Preble. I had not seen his face before, and had not recognized his figure in the single glance which I had cast upon it. He had a wonderful gift of making himself inconspicuous, as I had previously remarked.

He detained the coroner a moment by the door, and there was a whispered conference, at the close of which the coroner came forward, and said:

"I must request all of you except Dr. Bell and Mr. Brand to step into the inner office for a moment."

Two of the gentlemen present protested against detention, but on being assured that the time would be very brief they yielded, and walked toward the room designated by the coroner. Meanwhile I had made my way to Preble's side, and had hurriedly begged him to save me from the loss of so interesting a spectacle as the preliminary investigation of this remarkable case was sure to be.

"Certainly," he said, in a voice audible to the coroner; "there is no objection to your remaining."

Turning to Harold Brand, he asked for further details of the broker's death.

"He had just called to Walter," said Brand, referring to the boy who had run out into the hall of the hotel, as I have described. "He told him to mail a letter. Suddenly he half rose from his chair, and then fell back. He did not cry out, but only uttered a faint sound like a sigh, but rather of contentment than pain."

"Who was it that screamed?"

"Did you hear anyone?"

"Yes; I was just passing the door."

"I think you must have heard the boy. He was frightened, of course."

"No; it was some one else. Was it you?"

"Perhaps I did. You see, I ran to his side and lifted his hand. It fell back lifeless. Then I think I cried out in terror. But I had forgotten. This terrible affair has nearly driven me out of my senses. For instance, I have not even asked who you are, and by what right you question me?"

"I am a detective, at present in charge of the case," replied Preble. "Now about that letter. It isn't stamped, I perceive."

"That's strange; I saw the stamp in his hand. I remember that he took it out of a letter on his desk."

"You were watching him?"

"I was waiting until he finished with his letter. I had something to say to him."

"And this was the letter which he took the stamp from?" said Preble, taking one from the desk.

It was addressed, in a feminine hand, to Holman Brand.

"Yes," responded Harold.

"Do you know its contents?"

"No."

"Perhaps we had better read it."

"Why? What bearing can it have on the case?"

"I will show you. If my theory is correct, it plays a considerable part in this tragedy."

He put his arm about the neck of the dead, and, with his hands, very gently forced the jaws to open.

"Look!" he cried.

We all pressed forward; and we saw, upon the tip of the dead man's tongue, one of the large postage stamps of the Columbian pattern.

"Poisoned!" exclaimed the coroner.

"That should make the case clear. The writer of that letter is the murderer."

He took the letter from the envelope, and read aloud, as follows:

"HOLMAN BRAND:—Why do you not answer my letters? I have written three, and you have not noticed them. We are destitute. I care nothing for myself, but my mother—whom your brother married in affluence and has left in beggary—is dying for want of proper nourishment and the medicines which her illness demands. Whatever you may have believed at the time of that marriage, surely you will not let her die in this way, when so small a part of your vast wealth would save her."

At this point the Coroner paused.

"The remainder of the letter was evidently added at a later period," said he, showing it to the detective. "The writing at this point changes. It is hurried, and nervous."

"I will force you at least to answer this," he continued reading. "I enclose stamp for reply. Can you believe me, that this stamp costs me more than I can afford? Do you know what such poverty as that

means? You dare not, for shame's sake, refuse to answer me, though it be to tell me that we can expect nothing from you."

"It is signed 'Margaret Brand.'"

"Can it be possible," the coroner continued, "that so good a man as I know your uncle to have been allowed his brother's widow and her child to suffer like this?"

"I know nothing about it," said Harold.

"He never mentioned them to me."

"That letter," said Preble, pointing to the one which the broker had written, "will probably enlighten us on that point. I would suggest that you open it."

"I hesitate to do that," responded the young man. "It is addressed to her. Yet in such a case it is necessary, I suppose."

He tore open the envelope, and read as follows:

"MY POOR CHILD:—Before you receive this you will have had such help as money can give. Your letter, four days delayed, came to me this morning. I instantly telegraphed to Mr. Edward Morton, of Cornwall, one of the best of my friends. You will have seen him before you get this, and will have found out for yourself that I could have sent no better man to you. He has doubtless explained—so far as anyone can explain it—the mystery of this wretched affair. I have never received your letters. I did not know where you were. My last information was that you and your mother were in England and comfortably provided for. I have tried to find you, but vainly. If I could have done so, you both would have had a home with me. I am childless and alone, and you would have been a thousand times welcome. So far from cherishing the old resentment, I have long repented of my behavior in regard to my brother's marriage. If there is to be forgiveness, it must come from your mother, not from me.

"The money which I think you grip so tightly will be yours and hers some day. For years, while I have prosecuted my fruitless search for you, my will has named you for the bulk of my fortune. But all these matters may be left until we meet. You will wonder why I have not come to you myself. There are excellent reasons which you shall soon know. My friend will bring you to me—you and your mother—as soon as she can be moved. I wait with impatience to hear when that will be. It is not that I will make a home for you, but that you will make my desolate house a home for me, by your presence. Till then, good-by. My love to both of you."

"This is most extraordinary," said the coroner. "Can it be that this unhappy girl had learned about the will, and had sent poison to the man who would have done so much for her? What do you find there, doctor?"

The last question was addressed to Dr. Bell, who during the reading of the letter

had not been idle. Assisted by Preble, he had removed the stamp from the mouth of the murdered man, and had placed it upon a sheet of paper. Then he had made a second and much more careful examination of the body.

"There is but one point, so far," he replied to the coroner's question. "The stamp exhales a faint perfume—a most unusual odor, extremely agreeable. It can be noticed also about the lips of the dead man."

"Gelothonia," exclaimed the detective. "It is a poison discovered—and named—by a German chemist, who seems to have known more chemistry than Greek. He meant the name to signify 'the joy of death.'"

"You are undoubtedly correct," said Dr. Bell. "I have suspected it from the first."

"I never heard of it," exclaimed Dr. Robertson. "What is it?"

"A new poison," responded Preble. "It was described in last Sunday's *Globe*. The chemist who discovered it is said to have experimented with it upon animals. The sensations which accompany death from it are so intensely agreeable as to produce a recognizable effect even upon the faces of dumb brutes. The story was that one of the doctor's assistants had committed suicide with it; and it was that case which gave the only knowledge which the world has of its effect upon human beings. It absolutely defies detection by analysis, and the odor and the remarkable expression upon the face of the dead are the only means by which it may be detected."

"You don't mean to say that such a poison as that was described in a newspaper," exclaimed the coroner.

"Its method of preparation was only hinted at," replied Preble. "But the hint was very broad. I was able to make it."

"What! You have actually prepared this substance?"

"I have; and I will tell you that it is done simply by dissolving one of the new synthetic medicines—sold almost without restriction in every drug store—in chloroform. I should judge that a drop of it mixed with the gum on a postage stamp would kill a man in about ten seconds."

"But could this girl make it?" demanded the coroner.

"Anybody can make it," replied Preble.

"The article in the paper was a mere riddle. It did not require a chemist, but only a good guesser, to solve it."

"But her letter," I objected, "has been delayed four days. That leaves very little time."

"This is Friday," said Preble. "Her letter is postmarked Tuesday."

"I'll never believe it," I exclaimed. "The idea is preposterous that that girl—"

"But, my dear sir," interrupted Dr. Bell, "you forget that the stamp killed him, and that she undoubtedly sent the stamp."

"I want to send a telegram to this Mr. Adams in Cornwall," said Preble to me.

"If I write it here, will you take it to the telegraph office in the west corridor?"

I agreed, and he wrote the dispatch. I went to the door communicating with the hotel.

"There's been somebody knocking here for the last half hour," said the policeman, "but I haven't paid any attention."

He opened the door for me, but before I could pass out another person pressed into the opening. It was a woman. The policeman would have thrust her back, but she resisted.

"Please let me in," she cried. "You must. I am his niece, Margaret Brand."

I was mute with surprise.

"By all means let Miss Brand come in," said Preble. "And, by the way, that telegram will be unnecessary now."

The policeman stepped aside and the young woman entered. I caught only a glimpse of her as she hurried by me toward the opposite side of the room where her uncle's body had been laid upon some chairs placed side by side.

Her face possessed the element of beauty, but was disfigured by excessive leanness and the lines of care.

Without a moment's hesitation she removed the handkerchief which had been laid upon his face. She satisfied herself that he was dead by exactly the same means that Dr. Bell had employed, and apparently with the same technical skill.

"What was the cause of death?" she asked, turning to Bell and Robertson, who stood side by side.

It was evident that she knew at a glance that they were physicians.

"You should be able to answer that ques-

tion," said the coroner. "You seem to have had medical training."

"I have," she replied. "My father was a physician, and I studied with him for years. But I do not see any indication here. If he has been murdered, the poison is one with which I am not familiar."

"It is a new poison," said Preble, striking in. "I will show you a description of it presently, for I have sent for a paper containing it."

The girl seemed to be bewildered under our eyes. We all stared at her, and for myself I will admit that her confession of a medical training had removed my prejudice in her favor. I believed that she had learned the nature of her uncle's will, and had sent the poisoned stamp.

"You show no grief," said the coroner, as if the words came without his volition.

"Why should I?" she replied. "I am his brother's child. He has permitted my mother and me to suffer destitution. Repeatedly I have—"

"Pardon me," said Preble, interrupting, "but time is precious. Why are you here?"

"What right have you to question me?"

"I am conducting the investigation of your uncle's death."

"Very well," she said; "I will answer you."

She opened a well-worn purse, and drew from it a scrap of paper, which she gave to the detective. It was a clipping from a newspaper. Preble started when he saw it. I was near enough to look over his shoulder, and my curiosity compelled me to do it.

The first word I saw on the paper was *gelothania*. The clipping contained the principal part of the description of that poison.

My mind was made up. The girl was mad. I expected that her next words would be maniacal boasting of her crime.

Preble turned from me and I could not see what he was doing, but he seemed to be examining the clipping.

Just then there was a knock upon the door, and the policeman admitted a man whom I recognized by his demeanor as a member of "the force," though he was in plain clothes.

"Here is the newspaper you wanted," he said, handing it to Preble.

The detective examined it.

"I promised to show you a description of that poison," he said. "This is the paper which contained it, but unfortunately it has been cut out."

"What is all this?" exclaimed the coroner. "Mr. Preble, I am becoming utterly confused."

The detective passed the clipping to the coroner.

"Be careful of it," he said. "It will be essential in the case."

The coroner looked at it.

"I don't see anything but some advertisements of work for women," he said. "One of them is marked."

"Turn it over," said Preble.

Dr. Robertson did so, and he positively gasped with astonishment.

"Gentlemen," said Preble, "I want to ask you a question. What does a man do about ten seconds before he licks a postage stamp?"

We stared at one another, unable to understand what he meant.

"The article says," continued the detective, "that this poison works in about ten seconds. It produces no painful effect at first; indeed, to the best of my knowledge, it is not perceived except by reason of its taste, which is agreeable. But at the end of that interval the victim dies."

"Now you are all firmly persuaded that that postage stamp killed Mr. Brand, because it was found upon his tongue. But isn't that evidence that it did not kill him? Does a man hold a stamp in his mouth ten seconds? Certainly not."

"Imagine yourselves in his position. He has finished his letter and directed the envelope. He seals the envelope, and about ten seconds later he wets the stamp. In view of these facts I say it was the envelope that killed him, and not the stamp."

There was silence for a moment. Then the coroner said:

"Your reasoning seems good, Mr. Preble, but where does it lead? What is your theory of the case?"

"Several facts are obvious," replied Preble. "In the first place somebody has been stopping Miss Brand's letters to her uncle. The last letter was held four days, and meanwhile it was opened, as an examination of the envelope will prove."

"That's true," said Dr. Robertson, after

looking closely at the envelope; "but I'm still in the dark. Your theory is, of course, that the criminal held the letters in order to separate Miss Brand from her uncle. When he found a stamp in one of the letters this infernal plot came to him. But why didn't he poison the stamp?"

"Do you find any stamps on Mr. Brand's desk?" asked Preble.

"Yes; here are several. They seem to have been enclosed in the letters he opened this morning."

"Exactly. Now, are you sure that the one he used was that which was in his niece's letter?"

"Why, no; that can hardly be proven."

"Of course not; and the murderer foresaw it. If he had poisoned the stamp, he would not have been sure that Mr. Brand would use it at the right time. It might have lain upon his desk for days; it might have been lost, or given to somebody else. Whatever stamp Mr. Brand used was sure to seem to be the one his niece sent. Now see if you can find an unused envelope on that desk."

Robertson and Bell searched, but without avail.

"Now there's a certainty," said Preble, with evident satisfaction. "The murderer didn't go upon guess work. He knew that Mr. Brand would write that letter before he attended to anything else. So he removed all the envelopes from the desk except that which was poisoned. He could control the matter of envelopes, but not the stamps, for some of them would be very likely to come in the morning's mail. Who has access to this desk?"

The question was suddenly addressed to young Brand. He turned white to the lips, and stammered:

"Several persons in the office."

"Who are they? Let everyone who has a key to this desk produce it."

Every employee was called, and one key was found. It was Harold Brand's. He could not refuse to give it up, for all the clerks knew that he had it.

By this time we all saw how the current was setting, and we were not surprised when Preble continued:

"This clipping was a bold stroke. The murderer knew Miss Brand's poverty, and that she was trying to get work. It hap-

pened that the description of the poison was 'backed' by some advertisements of work for women. What a great discovery! The murderer cut it out; he marked one of the advertisements, and mailed the clipping to Miss Brand. Did you not receive it in that way?"

Miss Brand replied in the affirmative.

"Have you the letter that accompanied it?"

"No; I was told to destroy it. The letter said there were reasons. The writing resembled my uncle's, as I remembered it. I believed that he had sent me the clipping, and I was enraged. Yet I thought it best to follow the direction of the writer. The letter also told me to come to the city to-day to see about the advertisement."

"This is a wild story which you have put into her mouth," cried Harold Brand.

"I have something to back it," responded Preble. "This paper from which the description of the poison was cut was found in one of the great bags used for the collection of waste paper in the building where you live, Mr. Brand. The first thing I did on getting a view of this case was to send a man to look for that copy of the newspaper in that building. He not only found it, but he found the man who had the bag in the

elevator early one morning when you came along and thrust the paper into it. Of course he cannot positively swear that it was that paper, but I'm willing to leave that point to the jury."

"You are mad to accuse me of this crime," cried Brand, with trembling lips. "What do I gain by my uncle's death?—a paltry sum. This girl inherits much more than I."

"Not if she can be convicted of his murder," said Preble. "You know enough law for that. Gentlemen"—he turned to us—"so far as my investigation is concerned, it is practically closed. Harold Brand, you are under arrest."

The next instant Preble had sprung upon Brand, and the two went down in a corner with a crash. I was at a loss to understand this sudden and violent action till I saw Preble wrest something from his adversary's hand.

The detective sprang to his feet. He held before my eyes a little capsule which, in a moment, he burst by pressure of his fingers.

"He was trying to anticipate his sentence," said Preble; "smell that."

I recognized the faint, delicious odor of gelothania.

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## THE STOLEN STRADIVARIUS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

### PART II.

"ONLY just Colin!" Behold a youth, tall, heavily built, powerful, his head leaning a little forward from the shoulders, his brown, healthy face adorned with the expression of good will toward mankind, that, after all, is the one unfading charm of the human countenance. It was because of his trust in things that Colin never felt abashed, greeting the great and the lowly alike with honest good fellowship. Although in the eyes of a critical woman of the world, his person might have been found lacking in certain exterior signs deemed by her class indispensable, his looks

and manner when he came into a room carried with them irresistible attraction. An ex-hero of the university, where Maurice had been his devoted chum and follower, the echo of Colin's achievements in athletics had not yet died out in the two years since he had graduated. Now a hard worker in his first year at the law, not even those outsiders chill of blood who affect to condemn the practice of manly sports among healthy young collegians could have found ground for a charge against Colin that he was subordinating brain to muscle. Under his new teaching he had done more than well. To

the physical animation acquired in college, he had many times given thanks for helping him to endure this later life, in which a walk up-town after working hours was the chief outlet for his tremendous energy of body.

When we have said, additionally, that Colin was of a very short purse, and had no backing of family in New York—seeing that his relatives were unimportant residents of a small Western town—that he was hopelessly in love with Kathleen Blair, and that at college he had been dubbed Colin chiefly because his real name was John Walter Mackintosh, the tale is told.

Knowing that his charmer was, that night, to undergo the ordeal of proving her quality as a violinist before the supreme Herr Levitsky, our young man had moved heaven and earth to get an invitation to Crichton's musicale; having succeeded in which he had passed through a tumult of emotions regarding a proper appearance for the occasion.

Maurice, sharing his confidence, had lent sage advice. Colin, who perhaps for no other reason would have taken on himself a debt, had secured upon the installment plan of payment, a new suit of evening clothes; the genial sartor who provided them, supplying, out of the fullness of his sympathy, facings for the coat of a better quality of silk than was nominated in the bond. At the instigation, also, of the more knowing Maurice, the aspirant had next repaired to a much advertised "Fire Sale," of "Gents' Furnishings," where he had laid in a dozen white lawn ties, "imperceptively damaged," and six hem-stitched pocket handkerchiefs. This done, there was yet a mighty obstacle to overcome. For two interminable days, Colin had not seen his way clear to the possession of a pair of patent leather shoes. Over and again, he had surveyed wistfully his rough ordinary foot-wear, and reluctantly decided that it would not do. The jest of the bootmaker to whom he had ventured a remonstrance as to the high price of his wares, that it "took extra leather to cover some men's feet," was iron entering Colin's soul.

At this critical juncture somebody had been called in haste from the law office, claiming the services of Mr. Mackintosh to draw up an old woman's death-bed will. To Colin had been assigned the task, and

also, to his eternal gratitude, the small fee resulting. The speed made by him up town that day after office hours, to reach the bootmaker before his shop should be closed, recalled to our hero some of his efforts at sprinting between hoarsely cheering crowds of college sympathizers.

Two minutes after he was invested with all his hardly won integuments, Colin had forgotten them. He had long been planning how to present Kathleen with some flowers to wear at the musicale. Knowing her favorites, he purchased a sheaf of those "naiad-like lilies of the vale, whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale," at a cost that would deprive him of luncheon money for some days; then, with a strong desire to see her pleasure in them, had walked around to the Blair's house, carrying the gift in person.

On the door step, his courage had failed. Kathleen, sternly intent on checking his too rapid advance, might, and no doubt would, decline his offering. So, rather miserably, the big young man turned around again and marched away with his pasteboard box. At the corner he bethought him of a recent speech of hers—that "better than anything but music," she loved flowers, and of these he knew she had but few. Again he stormed the lady's portal, and again fell away discouraged in apprehension of her frown. The scrutiny of a passing policeman served to weaken his last remnant of resolution.

The lilies, returning with him to his lodging, were with continuing uncertainty, carried on to Crichton's studio. There Mr. Mackintosh, proving to be the first arrival, had judged it best to remain secluded in the cloak-room, until a number of men, passing in, gave him countenance to enter the scene of entertainment. His vague plan of contriving to intercept Kathleen on her arrival, and putting the flowers in Morry's hands, with the request that she should wear them, had now vanished into thin air. He wished at last, he had never burdened himself with the confounded things.

What Colin felt, while Kathleen had witched her audience with youth and loveliness and talent, may be divined by the reader. Perhaps by ruffling the leaves of the book of Memory, some chronicle may still be found there, uneffaced, to suggest the proud tingling in the young man's veins.



The little lock of darkest hair, that while she wielded the bow, had the habit of breaking cover and falling down upon a fine jetty eyebrow—the rich flush in her cheek swept by the lashes of down-dropping eyes—the noble unconsciousness of her face and figure, thrilled him with a more passionate resolve than ever to win her for his own.

When she had finished playing, and the crowd thronged about her to endorse the master's verdict, Colin had kept aloof. He did not want to spoil the hour by commonplace; and indeed his heart was too full for utterance. Maurice, just then running upon him in the throng, had bidden his friend to supper. Colin, fed with new hope, had returned again to the dressing-room, intending to take a walk until it should be time to present himself at the Blairs'. Between two men talking over the performance of the evening as they lighted their cigars, he heard Kathleen discussed in terms that he considered daringly impertinent. Although the phrases used were chiefly those of custom upon the appearance of a new performer in her field, one of the men lent to them an emphasis so offensive, that Colin had much ado to restrain himself from flying at the offender, and choking him backward into a pile of hats.

Tempted to leave his now oppressive offering for beauty's shrine in Crichton's fireplace, he took up again his box of flowers and went out into the night. How far he wandered through the chill deserted streets in the effort to make time pass ere he thought it proper to appear before his goddess, Colin did not realize. When he could bear no longer not seeing her, he had rung Mr. Blair's door bell; but when he was asked into the supper room where they were all assembled, the spurned and imprisoned lilies were tucked away on the lower shelf of the hat-rack behind the goloshes of Mr. Catullus Clarke.

"And where will you sit, Mr. Mackintosh?" asked Mrs. Blair, holding out a kind hand of welcome to her new guest, who, accordingly, dropped into the chair nearest her own.

Colin could hardly speak. In the stranger guest, ensconced in intimate conversation with Maurice, he recognized one of the men he had desired to knock down in the dressing-room at Crichton's!

"Now, we may notice in Clarke's poems," Mr. Malvolio was saying, with wicked relish, "what Emerson once remarked about Oxford: 'Nothing new or true, and no matter!'"

"I do not pretend to solve my own problems, my dear fellow," returned the poet, languidly, as he lay back at ease in a large arm-chair, surveying his patent leather toes. "I only state them to average intelligence, and then pray for the interposition of the power that brought speech out of Balaam's ass to give understanding to some of my readers."

"Indeed, yours is the dearest little book we have had this month, Mr. Clarke," exclaimed Kathleen, "and your poster is the wildest and weirdest in my collection."

"Then I have not printed in vain, Miss Blair," answered the bardling, looking at her with admiring eyes. In reality he was entirely happy. It was only being overlooked that ever caused Catullus pain.

"Gather ye roses, while you may, Clarke," resumed Malvolio, cheerfully. "Presently the Twentieth Century will throw upon you mysterious folk a search light in which even you will stand revealed, and then your occupation will be gone. You owe Blair a debt of gratitude, by the way, for slating you so discreetly a couple of weeks ago. It's immensely clever how he manages to let his authors think the failure to appreciate lies in him only, and that the world at large is ablaze over their productions. Now, in that thing about you, for instance, the readers of book-reviews—I wonder who they are, by the way—must have thought Blair a schoolboy who had accidentally tangled an Olympian deity in the tail of his kite. It was only after they had paid one-fifty for the volume, I dare say, that they found out the truth."

"Don't spoil my wife's supper by talking shop over it," said Terence, reprov- ingly. "To come here for the purpose of discussing modern literatures——"

"You flatter Clarke," interrupted Malvolio.

"Is hardly my idea of entertainment. You might as well invite a letter-carrier to take a walk for pleasure."

"Or ask Malvolio to talk about Monet——" said Clarke.

"Now I protest," said Mrs. Blair,

"but at this rate we shall never find a subject of conversation upon which we agree."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Malvolio, whose glass Terence had just filled with a steaming golden mixture of innocent appearance. "There is one, and that one uppermost in all our minds, yet deepest in our hearts—"

"Hear, hear!" murmured Mr. Clarke.

"I need not," went on the speaker, arising and holding his glass in his right hand, while upon his saturnine countenance gleamed an attempt at infantile amiability, "say many words to emphasize the pleasure Miss Blair's triumph has given tonight to her hearers. Up to the present time, I must confess, I have known the young lady chiefly in her capacity of sub-critic to her father. But tonight, she has soared into a region whither I may not follow her, save with the reverential eyes of an earth-bound loiterer; she has been accepted among the musical elect, and henceforward I can only offer my homage from below. But such as it is—the tribute of enchanted ignorance—it is hers, most heartily, and I ask you all to join with me in drinking the health of the 'Woman who has won!'"

"'The woman who has won!'" repeated Thorndyke significantly, in Kathleen's ear. He had crossed over, for the first time, to be near her, and his gaze was radiant.

"Now, why couldn't I say some of those fine sounding things?" poor Colin was grumbling inwardly, as he saw Kathleen break into well-pleased smiles and bend blushing in the direction of her extoller. "Old Malvolio has no business to take this on himself, considering he's no more musical sense than a turnip. That's my trouble, after all. I can't keep up with the phrase makers in their eternal patter. And that man she's got talking to her, now—how am I to tell Morry or her father the way I heard him speak of her awhile ago? How did he get here, anyway? Anybody can get in with Kathleen better than I, it seems. If she'd give me only one of the sweet looks she wastes upon all these literary freaks, I'd—"

His meditations were cut short by Kathleen herself, who, supple as a snake, glided unnoticed to his elbow.

"You are the only one among us who

has a long face," she said to him, softly, while across and around the table now resounded a fusillade of merry sayings and laughter. "Is it because you disapprove of my playing in public?"

"Disapprove of you? Oh! good gracious, no," he answered, incoherently. "I am proud to the core of my heart. But that doesn't mean I like to think of you on a platform. It makes me wretched, and that's the honest truth. You ought to be shut in from the vulgar gaze in a little world of your own, and the question of dirty money oughtn't to enter into your art."

"Perhaps not," said the more practical Kathleen, "but, after all, 'dirty money' puts the hall-mark upon accomplishment. And as to the vulgar gazers and hearers, they light the torch of genius. When I was last at the opera in those good seats in the parquet Mr. Toner sent papa, I watched the artists closely, and saw that every one of them was working with all his or her might, to do the best possible, and whenever there came a burst of real applause—not that little rain-fall of claps one hears from the gallery alone, but the kind that comes, quick as near-by thunder after lightning, from the body of the house—the ease and spontaneity of the performance were increased. The very muscles of their bodies seem to feel the tension, and their faces to grow more luminous."

"That may be true," said poor Colin, who was again out of his depth, "but somehow I don't fancy you among them. I had rather see you in the boxes with those nice girls who sit up by their mammas, and have fellows dropping in to call on them."

"Please don't," cried she, with unaffected earnestness; "I can't imagine any life that would suit me less than theirs. Sometimes, on a winter's night, when daddy and I hurry by them in the lobby, on our way to catch a cable-car to get home in, I think maybe I might enjoy wearing one of their long, fluffy white wraps like plumage—that look like seraphs' overcoats—and having a footman in a fur cape to call my carriage. But really I don't want riches or fashion, I want opportunity only, and travel, and all the music I can get, and flowers like those orchids, and a new evening frock—and such nice things as Mr. Thorndyke has been saying to me about my touch, and—and to see

my parents take a little rest from work. But that's what I talk about to Morry, not to you. When his ship and mine come in, you'll see what we shall do with our cargoes."

Thus it was always. While she filled every chink and cranny of Colin's dreams of the future, he had no part in hers. Swallowing his pain, he tried to find something to say to her about his pleasure in her success. He dared not venture, in this place, to criticise their new guest.

"Oh! thank you," she said, studying his appearance, apparently for the first time. "And to return the compliment, I ought to tell you that you look—really very nice."

"Morry put me up to it," he said, glowing with pleasure. "We had a council over my old evening rig that had been through three years of the University before it came to New York, and he decided I could no longer pass muster."

"Yes, I like you in these clothes," she said, critically. "But I think, though I'm not certain, your collar should not turn down so low, and I'm quite sure your hair is too long."

"Really?" he exclaimed, smiling ecstatically. It was so precious to have her speak to him in this proprietary way, even though he knew, too well, alas, that she was inspired by less than the interest of a sister. He would have been thankful, indeed, to have a part of Maurice's share in her regard.

"Indeed," she continued, "except for those minor points I believe you are smart enough to appear in the gilded halls of Mrs. Beaumoris, where by the way, I am to make my debut on the 25th, as a paid performer."

"You! oh no!" he exclaimed, impetuously, his brown face reddening.

"And why not, pray?" she answered, proudly resentful of his protest. "What has become of your theories about the dignity of honest toil?"

"It's not that—only—it is a chariot of fire that is coming to snatch you away from me," he said simply; and in spite of herself Kathleen was touched.

Colin, seeing his advantage, tried to follow it up. But it is the misfortune of those

in his peculiar state that the very force of their desire to be agreeable to the beloved object defeats their chances of success. He could find nothing appropriate to say, and felt as he looked: large, lumbering, disconsolate.

No wonder Kathleen flitted away from him to laugh and chaff lightly with the others. Even little Catullus, with his poses and bushy hair and solemn fripperies, made the time pass for her more trippingly than did Morry's friend.

Terence, however, in his element as a host, presiding with rare grace and tact over their frugal feast, understood better than any one the art of amalgamating divers elements in a party. Talk took itself wings, and soon was stirring with mirthful impulse.

Then Terence, who possessed a tenor voice that might have coined ducats for his family, where his pen won them a bare livelihood, sang some of his Irish melodies.

And, in due course, Miss Blair, standing under the old clock, lifted her fiddle-bow; and lo! the air about them thrilled with exquisite sound. What she chose first to reproduce was the quaint German Christmas hymn "Joseph lieber, Joseph mein," written by Calvisius five hundred years before. Then, without warning, she broke into an Irish jig, playing it with such resistless vim and merriment that every foot in the room began involuntarily to keep time, and every face wreathed itself into a smile. As quickly again, the measure changed, and now, Kathleen was back in Crichton's studio, and her hour of triumph was lived again.

"You are a real witch," said Colin, finding himself near her, after this. "You have got all these people crazy about you. While you played, I was wondering if you'd ever be satisfied with any one man for an audience!"

He turned, annoyed. There, behind him, stood Mr. Thorndyke, silent, inscrutable. "Indeed, and I will!" Kathleen said, merrily.

"And what must he be, or do, to deserve it?"

"Be?" exclaimed the girl. "Like the donkey, all ears. And do? Give me a Stradivarius!"

## THE VIGIL OF MARK'S EVE.

IT was after closing-time when I knocked at the door of the Hawk and Sparrow—the only inn the little English village I was passing through possessed—and asked a lodging for the night.

On entering the bar-parlor I observed that one of the villagers still remained, despite the fact that the law did not allow him to be served with muddy ale later than ten p. m. However, I presumed he was a privileged inhabitant, and took no further notice of him until the glowing coals had partially dried up the damp effects of my ride. Then, and not till then, I turned round and submitted the gentleman to a closer scrutiny.

He was a curious-looking man, very old—nearer eighty than seventy, I guessed—and exceedingly bent about the shoulders. A few thin locks of hair escaped from beneath his battered black hat, but his face was clean-shaved, save for a pair of thick, iron-grey eyebrows, which aided by the deep lines about his forehead, had the effect of gracing his countenance with a permanent scowl. The dull glaze that shrouded his sunken eyes added to his ancient aspect. He was clad in soil-stained, rusty black garments of a clerical cut, and this fact led me to presume that his whole outfit had been a long-ago present from the vicar. On the rough table in front of him was a quart pot, and now and again he raised the vessel to his lips. The fact that he sat quite still in a far corner of the room, without troubling to address a word to the landlord or any one else, did not surprise me in the least. As a rule, indeed, your ancient tavern-frequenter is a man of few syllables but deep draughts.

"Quare old sort, bean't 'e?" muttered the landlord, in an undertone, as he stooped down to stir the fire. "'E's the sexton; 'e's stayin' 'ere late becos——"

But here the sexton looked up sharply, probably suspecting that the landlord was talking about him, and so the keeper of the Hawk and Sparrow promptly held his peace, having said just enough to whet my curiosity.

Well, I had some supper, and then, being that way inclined myself, cheerily asked the

sexton to join me in "something to keep out the cold."

I had to repeat my invitation before he seemed aware that I was speaking to him, and then he gave a short nod by way of intimating his acquiescence to my proposal.

In, then, came the steaming potions, and presently the veteran's tongue was loosed, and he spoke. But first he graciously placed himself in the settle by the fire.

"It's a cold night," he observed.

His tongue, considering his age, seemed to move easily on its hinges.

"Yes," I said. "Have you far to go?"

To this query he gave no answer, but presently remarked:

"To-morrow's Mark's Day!"

"Indeed!" I said.

"And to-night's Mark's Eve," he added, with a chirrup of satisfaction in his tone.

I nodded, and he went on:

"To-night I watch in the church."

I looked at him inquiringly, but for some minutes he gazed silently into the fire without speaking. Then he slowly fixed his eyes on my face and said:

"Mayhap you know, mayhap you don't, that there's a belief that if you wait in the church at midnight on Mark's Eve, you will see the apparitions of those who are going to die during the next twelve months pass through the great door-way, go up the main aisle, then down, and disappear in the belfry. But, it may be, you have never heard the tale?"

"I am a stranger in these parts," I replied; "but I am certainly disinclined to place any belief in such a story."

"You—don't—believe——?"

To my astonishment he almost thundered these words at me, rising to his feet and glaring at me as he did so. The scowl on his face was now quite appalling in its uncompromising ferocity, while his eyes, no longer dim, glittered in harmony with his savage expression of countenance. Clenching his right fist, he raised it above his head, and for a moment I fancied he was about to strike me. But no—it was only, as I soon saw, a queer mannerism of his.

"You don't believe it?" he growled.

"Then come with me to-night and judge

for yourself. Listen, sir! I am not a mere ignorant laborer—I'm the sexton, it's true; but forty years ago I was the village school-master here. I had bad luck—left the place—came back—and was given the grave-digging to do. The rest of my time I fill up with gardening. I read this tale about Mark's Eve twenty-five years ago, and, to prove it true or false, watched in the church at midnight the very first Mark's Eve that came along. And, sir, I saw six shadows enter the church, and those six shadows were the six people who died during the following year. One of them was the squire's young wife that he brought from foreign parts. I saw her as plain as a pike—she was the fifth to enter, and she was the fifth to die. And ever since then, year by year, I've watched on Mark's Eve, and every soul doomed to die I've seen. And to-night I'm going as usual. You're a stranger here, and I don't mind you coming with me—but I've never taken any one all these twenty-five years."

He sank down into the settle, the scowl on his face softened, the excited lustre died out of his eyes.

"But surely," I said, aghast at the idea, "you never tell a soul what you have seen?"

For the first time, he uttered a dry, harsh laugh—more, indeed, a croak than a laugh.

"No, no! Father Gregory—that's my name; every one calls me that—Father Gregory is an old fellow, but he's not an old fool. By look or word I never reveal what I've seen. I never know the exact time, but I do know that the people I see will want graves before the twelvemonth is out."

The church clock struck the quarter to twelve. The sexton stood up.

"Will you come?" he asked.

I decided that I would see this out—for I half believed it, and half put Gregory down as a madman.

"Yes, I will go," I said; "lead the way."

And so, after telling the landlord that I should be back shortly, I followed the sexton out into the village street.

The rain had ceased, but the wind was still wailing and moaning round the gables of the old houses and the inn. The black clouds that were driving across the heavens obscured the moon, and so I had to trust to

Father Gregory's arm and the feeble light shed forth by the lantern he carried.

At the churchyard gate he stopped and faced round on me abruptly.

"You mean to go with me?" he asked harshly.

"Yes; lead on."

He trudged forward.

"You're the first who's ever had the courage to," he said. "No one but me has ever dared watch on Mark's Eve all these years."

He splashed along the wet path, and I kept steadily in his wake. On either side of us the tombstones could faintly be discerned through darkness, while here and there a monument reared high and white above them. The wind, like a restless spirit, created strange echoes among the vaults, and caused the cypresses and yews to shiver and swing to and fro as it swept through them and curled about them. The night was most appropriate for old Gregory's grim vigil.

The gigantic key, which the sexton produced from the pocket of his coat, turned easily in the lock of the great door. We entered. I was about to close the door after me, but he stayed my hand.

"Leave it ajar—for *them*!" he whispered, and then walked forward through the gloom until he reached a pew situated a third of the way up the centre aisle, close by the cold and empty stove.

"This is mine," he informed me. "I sit here to keep the school-children in order. You don't mind being in darkness, I hope, because I'm going to put the light out. I couldn't see them else."

He was as good as his word, and, by extinguishing the candle in his lantern, plunged the church into profound darkness. When my eyes grew accustomed to the blackness that enveloped us, I could just make out my immediate surroundings. Close by, a pillar rose up in massive grandeur; on my left, built up against the south wall of the edifice, was the seventeenth-century tomb of a long-deceased squire, on the top of which knelt the full-length effigy in stone of the great man himself, in attitude of perpetual prayer; a few yards lower down, on the same side, I could just discern the outline of the font, and the curtains which covered the entrance to the belfry.

Silent and motionless, with his face turned towards the great door, sat the sexton. Occasionally, when a stronger gust of wind than usual caused the door to creak on its hinges, he would stir slightly and peer eagerly forward. Then, seeing nothing, he would sink back into his former attitude.

By this time the breeze had increased to a gale. The church, being of a great age, and sadly in need of repair, was by no means wind-tight; hence the silence was often broken by strange groans up among the rafters; occasionally a bat whizzed past us, while from the upper chambers of the tower, muffled by the intervening stone and mortar, came at intervals the melancholy screeching of an owl.

I was already beginning to repent having come—indeed, I had half made up my mind to seek my warm bed at the inn without further delay—when a rumbling in the clock-chamber of the tower signified that the hour of midnight was at hand. At the first ponderous stroke the sexton arose and made his way to the end of the pew, so that he might be close to the aisle.

"Now," he whispered, clutching my arm, "keep your eyes on the doorway. Here, let me hold your hand in mine, for who knows?"—this to himself rather than to me—"some of my power may be transmitted to him."

I fixed my gaze on the doorway, trying, but in vain, to shake off the feeling of dread which was beginning to take possession for me—of the stimulating effect of the hot drink had passed away, and already the reaction was telling on me. A chilliness was creeping into my veins—I strove hard to force it back, but to no avail. The time, the place, the gruesome purpose that had brought me there, all conspired together to shake my nerve. It was horrible—the gale without, shrieking its summons to us to issue from the place of worship and betake ourselves home, like honest men; the dark, silent church; the old sexton, who spent most of his life making resting-places for the dead, standing now like a withered ghoul, waiting to see his future victims;—these were, indeed, fit ingredients for a nightmare!

Nine—ten—eleven—twelve!

It was midnight.

The old man leaned further forward—

further forward—still further, till his white locks brushed my elbow as I stood by his side. His eyes were fixed in a stony glare on that mass of gloom which represented the doorway.

Suddenly he grasped me by the wrist.

"Look! the first!"

I gazed and gazed, but could see nothing. Still, it seemed to me, the black mass remained unrelieved by anything in phantasmal guise.

"Farmer Grant," whispered the sexton; "the biggest man in the village, and the hardest drinker. See—here he comes—now hush! He is approaching."

His finger moved as he followed the apparition's progress up the aisle. When it had passed, old Gregory turned and followed it with his eyes as it proceeded as far as the chancel, turned, and walked down again. When the farmer had passed us on his return journey, the sexton once more wheeled round and breathlessly watched him draw aside the belfry curtains and disappear from view.

"He will be the first," came from my companion, with a hoarse, expectant chuckle that curdled the blood in my veins. "The first! Ah! Who is this?"

Again he bent forward eagerly—still retaining his hold of my wrist—and experienced no difficulty in recognizing the newcomer.

"Mercy me!" he exclaimed; "it is his wife. Ay, I mind me she looks none too healthy—I've heard her cry out with a pain at the heart. Yes, it is Mrs. Grant, and no other. Up—ah! she's coming up, she's in widow's weeds, so the farmer will need my offices first. I shall have my work cut out, too, for they're a big couple—a big, broad couple as any in the countryside. There, you see, up and back, and joins her husband in the belfry. Ha! *That makes two!*"

I stirred angrily. Had my nerves been steadier, I really believe I should have tried to throttle the old wizard. But I was helpless. Aged though he was, he held my wrist, in a grip of iron. I was fated to hear the whole programme out from beginning to end.

Hardly had Mrs. Grant (or rather, as I prefer to put it, the apparition of her which Gregory's diseased mind had conjured up)



disappeared from view, when a third victim passed into the church.

Gregory's voice sounded less harsh when he spoke.

"It is a child," he said; "yes, a little, little child. Come, my pet"—this evidently owing to a slight hesitation on the small phantom's part—"here—straight up here. It is little Dolly—Dolly Hanbury—the miller's child. He has seven strapping sons, and only this girl. Look—her hair and clothes are wet and muddy—she will be drowned. Ah! how often I have warned the good wife not to let the child play so near the mill-stream! She is the third, and her time is short. Summer will be here soon. She is coming down again—see—she has some dragged wild-flowers clasped in her tiny hand. Of course, she is so fond of them—she will be picking them near the edge of the stream, and will fall in. Ah! she has dropped them close by my feet!"

He stooped and appeared to pick something off the stone floor of the aisle. "Here you are, my dear! What! no smile for old Father Gregory? No, no—not one, her merry laughter is silenced forever—she will never sing, or run, or gather flowers, or make posies again! Poor little mite! There—she has gone—she has vanished into the belfry. Ah! it wounds my old heart to dig these tiny graves. And they're much more trouble than the big ones—much more trouble."

Little Dolly's fate evidently affected old Gregory more than he cared to admit, since he kept his face buried in his hands for several minutes. When he looked up again he started violently and reeled up against me.

"I didn't notice his entrance," he gasped, his breath coming in short gasps. "He was alongside of me when I set eyes on him."

"Who?" I managed to ask. It was the first word I had spoken since the ceremony commenced.

"Why"—in an awed whisper—"young Viscount Vaughan—eldest son of the Earl of Hillborough. They have a country seat near Wetherby, but only come down for the shooting in September and October. This is, indeed, a sad case! Young Lord Vaughan is a model man—six

feet two in his stockings—and one of the best shots in the country. Here he comes—back again!"

Old Gregory eyed the phantom with the profoundest respect. He could not have displayed more subservience had Viscount Vaughan been present in the flesh.

"Ah!" muttered the seer, "another violent death! A wound in his chest—deary me! deary me! That means a gun accident. It'll be a sad day at Hillborough Hall when that occurs—such a fine, strapping young man—such shoulders—such a handsome, proud face! Folks say he's as reckless as the devil, because he's been crossed in love. Yes, I recollect the young lady—a very beautiful one, but not the sort I care for—she led him on, and then she threw him over because he wasn't rich enough. Maybe"—in a whisper—"maybe the gunshot won't be all accident! Hush! Don't breathe a word! Maybe it'll be—There—he's gone! He'll be put in the family vault, so I shan't have a grave to dig. No matter—I shall have to prepare the vault, so I'll get paid all the same, and perhaps a bit over, being an earl's son."

For a third time during my vigil I was filled with a desperate desire to dash out of the church, across the graves, over the hedge at a bound, over the moor—away—away—anywhere to escape this old death's-head and his lunatic speculations about his gruesome duties. But I could not stir. I was fast bound to the spot on which I stood. And Gregory's hand still gripped my wrist like a vise.

Several minutes elapsed. Then the sexton peered into the gloom with renewed interest. His cogitations on the price he would be paid for assisting at the unfortunate young peer's funeral had quite driven his better and gentler reflections on little Dolly's sad fate out of his head. So it was quite briskly that he exclaimed:

"Ha! A young woman! No—yes—it is Nelly Welham, the bouncing lass who told me only yesterday forenoon that she does not intend to get married until she's twenty. She's only nineteen now, and a picture of health. My spade will marry you to the cold earth ere long; yes, before the leaves have turned brown on the trees. This way, pretty one! Up the middle and down again! Just like the

country dances that you love so, and at which I fiddle, and at which every young fellow is dying to have you for his partner. Ah! They never guessed, did they, it was Gregory who will have his turn with you next?"

And he chuckled triumphantly as the apparition of the young girl faded away into the gloom at the far end of the church, and passed thence into the curtained-off enclosure where all the phantoms had hitherto congregated.

And now there seemed to be a sort of procession of villagers doomed to die during the next twelve months—old people, most of them, with here and there a girl or lad in the bloom of youth, at that moment peacefully sleeping not many yards away, little thinking that the end was so near. And while the hoary grave-digger chuckled and cracked his fingers—he had released my wrist at last, but I was still unable to leave his side—the rain, which was falling again, beat a wild tattoo on the stained-glass windows, and the gale roared, and groaned, and howled, and whistled among the tombstones. And all the while I stared at the door and saw nothing—nothing at all.

"There'll be an infectious disease," muttered Gregory. "This is an unusually big list, and the place is famous for its good health. My jobs are few and far between—the worse for my pocket—but, my word! I shall have a merry time this coming year, with seventeen graves to dig! A right merry time, my old spade and I. We're not done for yet—we're very tough—good for plenty of work—good for pen——"

He stopped speaking with a suddenness that alarmed me. Then he shivered violently, and seized me with desperate, clutching fingers. A second or two later he released one hand, and, with shaking voice and chattering teeth, made some incoherent remark as he pointed towards the doorway.

"Who is it?" I cried.

Of a sudden, as quickly as he had clutched me, he relieved me of his grasp.

Then, gripping the back of the pew, he leaned forward and peered intently into the darkness. The phantom he evidently saw came nearer—he watched it like death all the time. Nearer it came; now it was close to us.

Then, and not till then, a terrible scream issued from Gregory's throat and sent the rats scurrying into their holes, and drowned, for a moment, even the thunder of the gale.

"It is—it is myself!" was the sexton's cry of terror. "It carries a spade! it is bent and old and withered! It is I—Gregory—the sexton! *I am the last on the list!*"

And with another fearful scream he fell into my arms insensible.

Just a year later, by the law of coincidence, I visited Wetherby-on-the-Moor again.

"Well, this is curious," remarked the landlord. "This is St. Mark's Eve. Don't you mind dragging old Gregory in here? He had a fit."

"Yes; how is he now?"

"Buried to-day," was the brief reply. "Four days ago he was seen by the vicar to be digging a grave, and as nobody was dead, the vicar naturally asked him what he was up to. He did not answer, but just went on digging, and on the following morning he was found dead in his bed, and was buried to-day in the grave that he made for himself. Ah," continued the landlord, "it's been a sad year, sir. Deaths—deaths all through it. Farmer Grant and his wife; poor little Dolly Hanbury, the miller's daughter, drowned in the mill-race; Nelly Welham, the prettiest girl in the village; young Lord Vaughan, who was shot accidentally. Ah, it's been a sad year!"

"And how many graves did old Gregory dig?" I asked.

"Seventeen," replied the landlord, "counting his own; but he wouldn't have counted that himself, because he was never paid for it."

R. S. WARREN BELL.

## THE TRIAL SERMONS ON BULL-SKIN.

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE congregation on Bull-Skin creek was without a pastor. You will probably say that this was a deficiency easily remedied among a people who possess so much theological material. But you will instantly perceive how different a matter it was, when you learn that the last shepherd who had guided the flock at Bull-Skin had left that community under a cloud. There were, of course, those who held with the departed minister as well as those who were against him, and so two parties arose in the church, each contending for supremacy. Each party refused to endorse any measure or support any candidate suggested by the other, and as neither was strong enough to run the church alone, they were in a state of inactive equipoise very gratifying to that individual who is supposed to take delight in the discomfort of the righteous.

It was in this complicated state of affairs that Brother Hezekiah Sneedon, who was the representative of one of the candidates for the vacant pastorate, conceived and proposed a way out of the difficulty. Brother Sneedon's proposition was favorably acted upon by the whole congregation, because it held out the promise of victory to each party. It was, in effect, as follows:

Each faction—it had come to be openly recognized that there two factions—should name its candidate, and then they should be invited to preach, on successive Sundays, trial sermons before the whole congregation, the preacher making the better impression to be called as pastor.

"And," added Brother Sneedon, pacifically, "in ordah dat dis little diffunce between de membahs may be settled in ha'mony, I do hope an' pray dat de pahty dat fin's itsef outpreached will give up to de othah in Christun submission, an' th'ow in all deir might to hol' up de han's of whatever pastor de Lawd may please to sen'."

Sister Hannah Williams, the leader of the opposing faction, expressed herself as well pleased with the plan, and counseled a like submission to the will of the majority. And

thus the difficulty at Bull-Skin seemed in a fair way to settlement. But could anyone have read that lady's thoughts as she wended her homeward way after the meeting, he would have had some misgivings concerning the success of the proposition which she so willingly endorsed. For she was saying to herself:

"Uh, huh! ol' Kiah Sneedon thinks he's mighty sma't, putting' up dat plan. Reckon he thinks ol' Abe Ma'tin kin outpreach anything near an' fur, but ef Brothah 'Lias Smith don't fool him, I ain't talkin'."

And Brother Sneedon himself was not entirely guiltless of some selfish thought as he hobbled away from the church door.

"Ann," said he to his wife, "I wunner ef Hannah Williams ca'culates dat 'Lias Smith kin beat Brother Abe Ma'tin preachin'; ki yi! but won't she be riley when she fin's out how mistaken she is. Why, dey ain't nobody 'twixt hyeah an' Louisville kin beat Brother Abe Ma'tin preachin'. I'se hyeaded dat man preach 'twell de winders rattled an' it seemed lak de skies mus' come down anyhow, an' sinners was a-fallin' befo' de Wo'd lak leaves in a Novembah blas'; an' she 'lows to beat him, oomph!" The "oomph" meant disgust, incredulity, and, above all, resistance.

The first of the momentous Sundays had been postponed two weeks, in order, it was said, to allow the members to get the spiritual and temporal elements of the church into order that would be pleasing to the eyes of a new pastor. In reality Brother Sneedon and Sister Williams used the interval of time to lay their plans and to marshal their forces. And during the two weeks previous to the Sunday on which, by common consent, it had been agreed to invite the Reverend Elias Smith to preach, there was an ominous quiet on the banks of Bull-Skin—the calm that precedes a great upheaval, when clouds hang heavy with portents and forebodings, but silent withal.

But there were events taking place in which the student of diplomacy might have found food for research and reflection. Such an event was the taffy pulling which

Sister Williams' daughters, Dora and Caroline, gave to the younger members of the congregation on Thursday evening. Such were the frequent incursions of Sister Williams herself upon the domains of the neighbors, with generous offerings of "a taste o' my ketchup," or "a sample o' my jelly." She did not stop with rewarding her own allies, but went farther, gift-bearing even into the camp of the enemy himself.

It was on Friday morning that she called on Sister Sneedon. She found the door ajar and pushed it open, saying: "You see, Sis' Sneedon, I's jes' walkin' right in."

"Oh, it's you, Sis' Williams, dat's right, come in. I was jes' settin' hyeah sawtin' my cyahpet rags; de mof do seem to pestah 'em so. Tek dis cheer"—industriously dusting one with her apron. "How you be'n sence I seen you las'?"

"Oh, jes' sawt o' so."

"How's Do' an' Ca'line?"

"Oh, Ca'line's peart enough, but Do's feelin' kind o' peekid."

"Don't you reckon she grow too fas'?"

"Spec' dat's about hit; dat gal do sutny seem to run up lak a weed."

"It don't nevah do 'em no good to grow so fas'; hit seem to tek away all deir strengf."

"Yes'm, it sholy do; gals ain't whut dey used to be in 'yo' an' my day, no-how."

"Lawd, no; dey's ez puny ez white folks now."

"Well, dem sholy is lovely cyahpet rags—put 'nigh all wool, ain't dey?"

"Yes, ma'am, dey is wool, evah speck an' stitch; dey ain't a bit o' cotton among 'em. I ain't lak some folks; I don't b'lieve in mixin' my rags evah-which-way. Den when you gits 'em wove have de cyahpet wah in holes cause some'll stan' a good deal o' strain an' some won't; yes'm, dese is evah one wool."

"An' you sholy have be'n mighty industr'ous in gittin' 'em togethah."

"I'se wo'ked ha'd an' done my level bes, dat's sho."

"Dat's de mos' any of us kin do, but I mustn't be settin' hyeah talkin' all day an' keepin' you f'om yo' wo'k. Why, la! I'd mos' nigh fu'got what I come fo'—I jes'

brung you ovah a-tas'e o' my late greens. I knows how you laks greens, so I thought mebbe you'd enjoy dese."

"Why, sho' enough; now ain't dat good o' you, Sis' Williams; dey's right wa'm, too, an' tu'nip tops—bless me! Why dese mus' be de ve'y las' greens o' de season."

"Well, I reely don't think you'll fin' none much latah. De fros' had done teched dese, but I kin o' kivered 'em up wif leaves ontwell dey growed up wuf cuttin'."

"Well, I knows I sholy shell relish dem." Mrs. Sneedon beamed as she emptied the dish and insisted upon washing it for her visitor to take home with her. "Fu'," she said, by way of humor, "I's a mighty po' han' to return nice dishes when I gits 'em in my cu'boa'd once."

Sister Williams rose to go. "Well, you'll be out to chu'ch Sunday to hyeah Broth' Lias Smith, he's a powahful man, sho'."

"Dey do tell me so—I'll be thah. You kin 'pend on me to be out whenever thah's to be any good preachin'."

"Well, we kin have dat kin' o' preachin' all de time ef we gits Broth' Lias Smith."

"Yes'm."

"Dey ain't no 'sputin' he'll be a movin' powah at Bull-Skin."

"Yes'm."

"We sistahs'll have to ban' togethah an' try to do whut is bes' fu' de chu'ch."

"Yes'm."

"Cose, Sistah Sneedon, ef you's pleased wif his sermon, I suppose you'll be in favoh o' callin' Broth' Lias Smith."

"Well, Sis' Williams, I do know; you see Hezikier's got his hea't sot on Broth' Abe Ma'tin fum Dokesville; he's mighty sot on him an' when he's sot, he's-sot, an' you know how it is wif us women when de men folks say dis er dat."

Sister Williams saw that she had over-shot her mark. "Oh, hit's all right, Sis' Sneedon, hit's all right. I jes' spoke of it a wonderin'. What we women folks wants to do is to ban' togethah to hol' up de han' of de pastah dat comes, whoms'ever he may be."

"Dat's hit, dat's hit," assented her companion, "an' you kin 'pend on me thah, fu' I's a powahful han' to uphol' de ministah whoms'ever he is."

"An' you right too, fu' dey's de shep-

uds of de flock. Well, I mus' be goin'—come ovah."

"I's a-comin'—come ag'in yo'se'f, good-bye."

As soon as her visitor was gone, Sister Sneedon warmed over the greens and sat down to the enjoyment of them. She had just finished the last mouthful when her better half entered. He saw the empty plate and the green liquor. Evidently he was not pleased, for be it said that Brother Sneedon had himself a great tenderness for turnip greens."

"Wa'd you git dem greens?" he asked.

"Sistah. Hannah Williams brung 'em ovah to me."

"Sistah Hannah—who?" ejaculated he.

"Sis' Williams, Sis' Williams, you know Hannah Williams."

"Wha ' dat wolf in sheep's clothin' dat's a gwine erroun' a seekin' who she may dewovah, an' you hyeah a projickin' wif huh, eatin' de greens she gives you! How you know whut's in dem greens?"

"Oh g'long, 'Kiah, you so funny. Sis' Williams ain't gwine conju' nobody."

"You hyeah me, you hyeah me now. Keep on foolin' wif dat 'ooman, she'll have you crawlin' on yo' knees an' ba'kin lak a dog. She kin do it, she kin do it, fu' she's long-haired, I tell you."

"Well, ef she wants to hu't me it's done, fu' I's eat de greens now."

"Yes," exclaimed Brother Sneedon, "you eat 'em up lak a hongry hog an' never saved me a smudgeon."

"Oomph, I thought you's so afeard o' gittin' conju'ed."

"Heish up, you's allus tryin' to raise some kin'er contentions in de fambly. I never seed a 'ooman lak you." And old Hezikiah strode out of the cabin in high dudgeon.

And so, smooth on the surface, but turbulent beneath, the stream of days flowed on until the Sunday on which Reverend Elias Smith was to preach his trial sermon. His fame as a preacher, together with the circumstances surrounding this particular sermon, had brought together such a crowd as the little church on Bull-Skin had never seen before even in the heat of the most successful revivals. Outsiders had come from as far away as Christiansburg, which was twelve, and Fox Run, which was fifteen

miles distant, and the church was crowded to the doors.

Sister Williams with her daughters Dora and Caroline were early in their seats. Their ribbons were fluttering to the breeze like the banners of an aggressive host. There were smiles of anticipated triumph upon their faces. Brother and Sister Sneedon arrived a little later. They took their seat far up in the "amen corner" directly behind the Williams family. Sister Sneedon sat very erect and looked about her, but her spouse leaned his chin upon his cane and gazed at the floor, nor did he raise his head, when, preceded by a buzz of expectancy, the Reverend Elias Smith, accompanied by Brother Abner Williams, who was a local preacher, entered and ascended to the pulpit where he knelt in silent prayer.

At the entrance of their candidate, the female portion of the Williams family became instantly alert.

They were all attention when the husband and father arose and gave out the hymn: "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" They joined lustily in the singing, and at the lines: "Sure I must fight if I would reign," their voices rose in a victorious swell far above the voices of the rest of the congregation. Prayer followed, and then Brother Williams rose and said:

"Brothahs an' sistahs, I teks gret pleasuah in interducin' to you Eldah Smith, of Doke's Station, who will preach fur us at dis howah. I want to speak fu' him yo' pra'ful attention." Sister Williams nodded her head in approval, even this much was good; but Brother Sneedon sighed aloud.

The Reverend Elias Smith arose and glanced over the congregation. He was young, good-looking and looked as though he might have been unmarried. He announced his text in a clear, resonant voice: "By deir fruits shall you know dem."

The great change that gave to the blacks fairly trained ministers from the schools had not at this time succeeded their recently accomplished emancipation. And the sermon of Elder Smith was full of all the fervor, common sense and rude eloquence of the old plantation exhortor. He spoke to his hearers in the language that they understood, because he himself knew no other. He drew his symbols and illustrations from the things which he saw most commonly about

him—things which he and his congregation equally understood. He spent no time in dallying about the edge of his subject, but plunged immediately into the middle of things, and soon had about him a shouting, hallooing throng of frantic people. Of course it was the Williams faction who shouted. The spiritual impulse did not seem to reach those who favored Brother Sneedon's candidate. They sat silent and undemonstrative. The earnest disciple him self still sat with his head bent upon his cane and still at intervals sighed audibly. He had only raised his head once, and that was when some especially powerful period in the sermon had drawn from the partner of his joys and sorrows an appreciative "Oomph!" Then the look that he shot forth from his eyes, so full of injury, reproach and menace, repressed her noble rage and settled her back into a quietude more consonant with her husband's ideas.

Meanwhile Sister Hannah Williams and her sylph-like daughters, "Do" and "Ca'-line," were in an excess of religious frenzy. Whenever any of the other women in the congregation seemed to be working their way too far forward, those enthusiastic sisters shouted their way directly across the approach to the pulpit, and held place there with such impressive and menacing demonstrativeness that all comers were warned back. There had been times when, actuated by great religious fervor, women had ascended the rostrum and embraced the minister. Rest assured, nothing of that kind happened in this case, though the preacher waxed more and more eloquent as he proceeded, an eloquence more of tone, look and gesture than of words. He played upon the emotions of his willing hearers, except those who had steeled themselves against his power, as a skilful musician upon the strings of his harp. At one time they were boisterously exultant, at another they were weeping and moaning, as if in the realization of many sins. The minister himself lowered his voice to a soft rhythmical moan almost a chant, as he said:

"You go 'long by de road an' you see an ole shabby tree a-standin' in de o'chud. It ain't ha'dly got a apple on it. Its leaves are put' nigh all gone. You look at de branches, dey's all rough an' crookid. De tree's all full of sticks an' stones an' wiah an' ole tin cans. Hit's all bruised up an'

hit's a ha'd thing to look at altogether. You look at de tree an' what do you say in yo' hea't? You say de tree ain't no 'count, fu' by deir fruits shell you know dem. But you wrong, my frien's, you wrong. Dat tree did ba' good fruit an' by hits fruits was hit knowed. John tol' Gawge an' Gawge tol' Sam, an' evah one dat passed erlong de road had to have a shy at dat fruit. Dey be'n throwin' at dat tree evah sence hit begun to ba' fruit, an dey's busted hit so dat hit couldn't grow straight to save hits life. Is dat whut's de mattah wif you, brothah, all bent ovah yo' staff an' a-groanin' wif yo' burdens? Is dat whut's de mattah wif you, brothah, dat yo' steps are a-weary an' yo'se longin' fo' yo' home? Have dey be'n th'owin' stones an' cans at you? Have dey be'n beatin' you wif sticks? Have dey tangled you up in ole wiah twell you couldn't move han' ner foot? Have de way be'n all trouble? Have de sky be'n all cloud? Have de sun refused to shine an' de day be'n all da'kness? Don't git werry, be consoled. What de mattah! Why I tell you, you'se ba'in' good fruit, an' de debbil cain't stan' it—'By deir fruits shell you know dem.'

"You go along de road a little furdur an' you see a tree standin' right by de fence. Standin' right straight up in de air, evah limb straight up in hits place, all de leaves green an' shinin' an' lovely. Not a stick ner a stone ner a can in sight. You look way up in de branches, an' dey hangin' full o' fruit, big an' roun' an' solid. You look at dis tree an' what now do you say in yo' hea't. You say dis is a good tree fu' by deir fruits shell you know dem. But you wrong, you wrong ag'in, my frien's. De apples on dat tree are so sowah dat dey'd puckah up yo' mout' wuss'n a green pu'simmon, an' evahbody knows hit, by hits fruit is hit knowed. Dey don't want none o' dat fruit, an' dey pass hit by an' don't bothah dey haid about it.

"Look out, brothah, you gwine erlong thoo dis worl' sailin' on flowery beds of ease. Look out, my sistah, you'se a walkin' in de sot' pafs an' a-dressin' fine. Ain't nobody a-troublin' you, nobody ain't a-back-bitin' you, nobody ain't a-castin' yo' name out as evil. You all right an'



movin' smooov. But I want you to stop an' 'zamine yo'se'ves. I want you to settle whut kin' o' fruit you ba'in', whut kin' o' light you showin' fo'f to de worl'. An' I want you to stop an' tu'n erroun' when you fin' out dat you ba'in' bad fruit, an' de debbil ain't bothahed erbout you 'cause he knows you his'n any how. 'By deir fruits shell you know dem.'"

The minister ended his sermon and the spell broke. Collection was called for and taken, and the meeting dismissed.

"Wha' d' you think o' dat sermon?" asked Sister Williams of one of her good friends, and the good friend answered:

"Tsch, pshaw! dat man jes' tuk his tex' at de fust an' nevah lef' it."

Brother Sneedon remarked to a friend: "Well, he did try to use a good deal o' high language, but whut we want is grace an' spiritual feelin'."

The Williams faction went home with colors flying. They took the preacher to dinner. They were exultant. The friends of Brother Sneedon were silent but thoughtful.

It was true beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Reverend Elias Smith had made a wonderful impression upon his hearers—an impression that might not entirely fade away before the night on which the new pastor was to be voted for. Comments on the sermon did not end with the closing of that Sabbath day. The discussion of its excellencies was prolonged into the next week and continued with a persistency dangerous to the aspiration of any rival candidate. No one was more fully conscious of this menacing condition of affairs than Hezekiah Sneedon himself. He knew that for the minds of the people to long rest upon the exploits of Elder Smith would be fatal to the chances of his own candidate; so he set about to invent some way to turn the current of public thought into another channel. And nothing but a powerful agency could turn it. But in fertility of resources Hezekiah Sneedon was Napoleonic. Though his diplomacy was greatly taxed in this case, he came out victorious and with colors flying when he hit upon the happy idea of a "possum supper." That would give the people something else to talk about beside the Reverend Elias Smith and his wonderful sermon,

But think not, oh reader, that the intellect that conceived this new idea was so lacking in the essential qualities of diplomacy as to rush in his substitute, have done with it, and leave the public's attention to revert to its former object. Brother Sneedon was too wary for this. Indeed, he did send his invitations out early to the congregation, but this only aroused discussion and created anticipation which was allowed to grow and gather strength until the very Saturday evening on which the event occurred.

Sister Hannah Williams saw through the plot immediately, but she could not play counter, so she contented herself with saying: "Dat Hezekiah Sneedon is sholy de bigges' scamp dat evah trod shoe-leather." But nevertheless, she did not refuse an invitation to be present at the supper. She would go, she said, for the purpose of seeing "how things went on," but she added as a sort of implied apology to her conscience, "and den I's powahful fond o' possum, anyhow."

In inviting Sister Williams, Brother Sneedon had taken advantage of the excellent example which that good woman had set him and was carrying the war right into the enemy's country, but he had gone farther in one direction, and by the time the eventful evening arrived had prepared for his guests a coup d'etat which was unanticipated even by his own wife.

He had been engaged in a secret correspondence, the result of which was seen, when, just after the assembling of the guests in the long, low room which was parlor, sitting and dining-room in the Sneedon household, the wily host ushered in and introduced to the astonished people the Reverend Abram Martin. They were not allowed to recover from their surprise before they were seated at the table, grace said by the reverend brother, and the supper commenced. And such a supper as it was! one that could not but soften the feelings and touch the heart of any negro. It was supper that disarmed opposition. Sister Hannah was seated at the left of Rev. Abram Martin, who was a fluent and impressive talker, and what with his affability and the delight of the repast, she grew mollified and found herself laughing and chatting. The other members of her faction looked on and seeing her pleased with the minister grew

pleased themselves. The Reverend Abram Martin's magnetic influence ran round the board like an electric current.

He could tell a story with a dignified humor that was irresistible—and your real negro is a lover of stories and a teller of them. Soon, next to the 'possum, he was the center of attraction around the table, and he held forth while the diners listened respectfully to his profound observations or laughed uproariously at his genial jokes. All the while Brother Sneedon sat delightedly by, watchful, but silent, save for the occasional injunction to his guests to help themselves. And they did so with a gusto that argued well for their enjoyment of the food set before them. As the name by which the supper was designated would imply, 'possum was the principal feature, but, even after including the sweet potatoes and brown gravy, that was not all. There was hog jole and cold cabbage, ham and Kentucky oysters, more widely known as chitterlings. What more there was, it boots not to tell. Suffice it to say that there was little enough of anything left to do credit to the people's dual powers of listening and eating, for in all this time the Reverend Abram Martin had not abated his conversational efforts nor their unflinching attention.

Just before the supper was finished the preacher was called upon, at the instigation of Hezekiah Sneedon, of course, to make a few remarks, which he proceeded to do in a very happy and taking vein. Then the affair broke up and the people went home with myriad comments on their tongues. But one idea possessed the minds of all, and that was that the Reverend Abram Martin was a very able man, and charming withal.

It was at this hour when opportunity for sober reflection returned, that Sister Williams first awakened to the fact that her own conduct had compromised her cause. She did not sleep that night—she lay awake and planned, and the result of her planning was a great fumbling the next morning in the little bag where she kept her earnings, and the dispatching of her husband on an early and mysterious errand.

The day of meeting came, and the church presented a scene precisely similar to that of the previous Sunday. If there was any difference, it was only apparent in the entirely alert and cheerful attitude of Brother

Sneedon and the reversed expressions of the two factions. But even the latter phase was not so marked, for the shrewd Sister Williams saw with alarm that her forces were demoralized. Some of them were sitting near the pulpit with expressions of pleasant anticipation on their faces, and as she looked at them she groaned in spirit. But her lips were compressed in a way that to a close observer would have seemed ominous, and ever and anon she cast anxious and expectant glances toward the door. Her husband sat upon her left, an abashed, shame-faced expression dominating his features. He continually followed her glances toward the door with a furtive, half-frightened look, and when Sneedon looked his way he avoided his eye.

That arch schemer was serene and unruffled. He had perpetrated a stroke of excellent policy by denying himself the pleasure of introducing the new minister and had placed that matter in the hands of Isaac Jordan, a member of the opposing faction and one of Sister Williams' staunchest supporters. Brother Jordan was pleased and flattered by the distinction, and converted.

The service began. The hymn was sung, the prayer said, and the minister, having been introduced, was already leading out from his text, when, with a rattle and bang that instantly drew every eye rearward, the door opened and a man entered. Apparently oblivious to the fact that he was the center of universal attention, he came slowly down the aisle and took a seat far to the front of the church. A gleam of satisfaction shot from the eye of Sister Williams and with a sigh she settled herself in her seat and turned her attention to the sermon. Brother Sneedon glanced at the newcomer and grew visibly disturbed. One sister leaned over and whispered to another:

"I wunner whut Bud Lewis is a-doin' hyeah?"

"I do' know," answered the other, "but I do hope an' pray dat he won't git into none o' his shoutin' tantrums to-day."

"Well ef he do, I's a-leavin' hyeah, you hyeah me," rejoined the first speaker.

The sermon had progressed about one-third in its length, and the congregation had begun to show frequent signs of awakening life, when on an instant, with startling suddenness, Bud Lewis sprang from his seat and

started on a promenade down the aisle, swinging his arms in sweeping semi-circles and uttering a sound like the incipient bellow of a steam-boat. "Whough! Whough!" he puffed, swinging from side to side down the narrow passage-way.

At the first demonstration from the newcomer, people began falling to right and left out of his way. The fame of Bud Lewis' "shoutin' tantrums" was widespread and they who knew feared them. This unregenerate mulatto was without doubt the fighting man of Bull-Skin.

While, as a general thing he shunned the church, there were times when a perverse spirit took hold of him, and he would seek the meeting-house, and promptly, noisily and violently, "get religion." At these times he made it a point to knock people helter-skelter, trample on tender toes and do other mischief, until in many cases the meeting broke up in confusion. The saying finally grew to be proverbial among the people in the Bull-Skin district that they would rather see a thunderstorm than Bud Lewis get religion.

On this occasion he made straight for the space in front of the pulpit, where his vociferous hallelujahs entirely drowned the minister's voice; while the thud, thud, thud of his feet upon the floor as he jumped up and down effectually filled up any gap of stillness which his hallelujahs might have left.

Hezekiah Sneedon knew that Reverend Martin's sermon would be ruined, and he saw all his cherished hopes destroyed in a moment. He was a man of action and one glance at Sister William's complacent countenance decided him. He rose, touched Isaac Jordan and said: "Come on, let's hold him." Jordan hesitated a minute, but his leader was going on and there was nothing to do but to follow him. They approached Lewis and each seized an arm. The arm began to struggle. Several other men joined them and laid hold on him.

"Quiet, brother, quiet," said Hezekiah Sneedon, "dis is de house o' de Lawd."

"You lemme go," shrieked Bud Lewis. "Lemme go, I say."

"But you mus' be quiet so de res' o' de congregation kin hyeah."

"I don't keer whether dey hyeahs er not, I reckon I kin shout ef I want to." The minister had paused in his sermon and the congregation was alert.

"Brother you mus' not distu'b de meetin'. Praise de Lawd all you want to, but give somebody else a chance, too."

"I won't, I won't, lemme go. I's paid fu' shoutin' an' I's gwine to shout." Hezekiah Sneedon caught the words and he followed up his advantage.

"You's paid fu' shoutin'! Who paid you?"

"Hannah Williams, dat's who! Now you lemme go; I's gwine to shout."

The effect of this declaration was magical. The brothers, by their combined efforts, lifted the struggling mulatto from his feet and carried him out of the chapel, while Sister William's face grew ashen in hue.

The congregation settled down and the sermon was resumed. Disturbance and opposition only seemed to have heightened the minister's power and he preached a sermon that is remembered to this day on Bull-Skin. Before it was over, Bud Lewis' guards filed back into church and listened with enjoyment to the remainder of the discourse.

The service closed, and while the crowd thronged about the altar to shake the minister's hand Hannah Williams escaped.

As the first item of business at the church meeting on the following Wednesday evening, she was formally "churched" and expelled from fellowship with the flock at Bull-Skin for planning to interrupt divine service. The next business was the unanimous choice of Reverend Abram Martin for the pastorate of the church.

## SOME FRATERNAL ORDERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

**S**ECRET societies have existed in all historic periods: in Egypt and in Persia, where Zoraster is reputed to have introduced the so-called Egyptian mysteries. The secrecy of such societies during the middle ages was the cloak for the promulgation of religious doctrines at variance with constituted authority, and hence the attitude of opposition to these organizations maintained by the church even to this day. The semblance of mystery and the imposing rituals which have descended to so many modern orders, with their dreadful and fantastic symbolism, were for the deliberate purpose of influencing the popular imagination, so easily the prey of what is purely mystical.

To-day the rituals of these societies are often very beautiful, mingled with much that is childish and heathenish. The air of mystery, still sacredly preserved as a remnant from the customs of older orders, has ceased to awe even the timid; and the modern fraternal order has grown to be very practical and matter of fact. The time has gone by when communities could be thrown into paroxysms of terror by a contemplation of the harmless behavior of societies which prefer to preserve the secrecy of their rites, and indulge in a few innocent pretensions to the

mysterious and occult. It is difficult to understand in this day of wider familiarity with such matters the popular excitement over, and intolerant opposition to secret societies; the passionate flood of misrepresentation and abuse, and the nervous trepidation of all classes during the anti-Masonic excitement of fifty years ago. It is to-day almost inconceivable that an anti-Masonic party should have held each year its conventions, nominated its candidates, and solemnly entered upon a political campaign.

The real founders of Freemasonry, apart from ingenious but baseless speculations which would trace its origin to Solomon and even to Noah, were those skilled workmen who in the middle ages wandered over Europe, the evidence of whose handicraft exists in many of the ruins of cathedrals which dot

the face of Great Britain and the continent. The majority of these workmen were masons—hence the term Freemasons. From these wandering guilds came the order which spread to the remotest quarters of the globe. It is not necessary to refer here to the history of Freemasonry. In six large volumes Robert Freke Gould has traced the origin and development of its symbols and customs, its rise and progress. The great antiquity



Col. Mark Richards Muckle.  
Supreme Treasurer Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.



M. W. Sackett.  
Supreme Recorder Ancient Order  
of United Workmen.

of many of its rituals is beyond question; and the theories woven around the resemblances which exist between the modern rituals and the Eleusinian mysteries, the systems of the Gnostics, the Rosicrucians, and other orders in many places and periods, have formed the themes of many ingenious, but not very profitable speculations. J. M. Buck, author of "Mystic Masonry," himself says: "It is doubtful if any portion of the present organization can be traced further back than the middle of the seventeenth century."

How the society of Odd Fellows originated is something no one has yet been able to discover. Odd Fellows themselves have long ago abandoned all claim for its ancient origin. The date of its beginning is generally placed at about the beginning of this century, though Daniel De Foe speaks of a club bearing that name.

As long ago as 1806 a lodge of Odd Fellows existed in New York. In 1842 the separation of the order from its English parent—the Manchester Unity, now numbering nearly a million members—took place. Its real founder in this country is Thomas Wildey.

The Odd Fellows is a world wide order, and its lodges dot almost every part of the civilized globe. Its last great Communication—for thus are its national conventions termed—was held at Dallas, Texas, in September, and the Governor of the state delivered the address of welcome. At that convention, Col. M. Richards Muckle was elected Supreme Treasurer. Col. Muckle is business manager of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, with which paper he has been connected fifty-three years. He was selected by Count Bismarck Bohlin to solicit contributions in money and books to replace the destruction of the National Library at Strasburg in the bombardment of the 24th and 25th of August, 1870. Many cases of



Robert T. Daniel.  
Great Inchoonee Improved Order of Red Men.



Robert A. Sibbald.  
Secretary American Branch Ancient Order of Foresters

books have been shipped to the library during these twenty-odd years under the supervision of Col. Muckle and the committee of eminent men whom he elected to assist him. For these services, for which Col. Muckle has never received any money consideration, the old Emperor William conferred upon him in 1874 the Order of the Crown, and in 1883 he received the Order of the Red Eagle.

The number of members of fraternal orders in the United States touches the enormous figure of 7,350,000, or more than half of the total vote cast at the last Presidential election. Of these 1,000,000 are Freemasons, over 800,000 are Odd Fellows, and about 500,000 belong to the Knights of Pythias. The orders including the re-

mainder of these 7,350,000 individuals are often large and powerful organizations, numbering in the one case of the Ancient Order of United Workmen over 350,000 members. The men who occupy the highest official position in the gift of these orders, representing as they do constituencies in some cases many times in excess of those represented by a number of United States Senators, are exceptionally important individuals. Their responsibilities are often delicate as well as burdensome; their labors are in great part unselfish, since such compensations as are sometimes paid are usually wholly inadequate as a return for the performances of duties often extremely onerous and perplexing.

The progenitor of all fraternal beneficiary orders in the United States is the Ancient

Order of United Workmen, and the individual to whose labors these orders may be said to owe their existence, and who appears to have been a man of singular force of intellect and character, was John Jordan Upchurch.

When Mr. Upchurch conceived the notion of a great fraternal order he was an humble mechanic in a railroad shop in Meadville, Pa. But the organization which owes its birth to him is far enough from the aim which with stubborn determination he sought to make its animating purpose. It was Upchurch's object to found an organization which should succeed in uniting capital and labor for their mutual improvement, a somewhat visionary project, which gave way in the progress of the order to that of





Dr. Oronhyatekha.

Supreme Chief Ranger Independent Order of Foresters.

fraternal insurance. The abandonment of the original and primary motive by the order for a long time soured and embittered the soul of its founder. He lived, however, to be reconciled to the change, and to see the society he had called into being, grow to the position of the first and mightiest of fraternal beneficiary orders in the United States. When he died in 1887, nineteen years after the founding of the order—3,500 lodges honored his memory. It ought to be said that this society—the first of its kind to be organized—is to-day the strongest of such orders. In 1896 it paid out to its beneficiaries nearly eight million dollars, and has disbursed since its organization over seventy millions! M. W. Sackett, of Meadville Pa., has been its Supreme Recorder since 1878, and is secretary of the National Fraternal Congress, wherein forty-two beneficial organizations are represented.

The Improved Order of Red Men claims

to be the oldest secret benevolent society of purely American origin, and numbers to-day 173,000 members. There are few fraternities in the United States whose growth in numbers and influence has been more remarkable. In the customs of its wigwams and councils it seeks to preserve those traditions of moral and physical growth which have descended to us in the accounts of early Indian civilization, and especially of the great Iroquois Confederacy. The Great Incohonee of the Red Men is Judge Robert T. Daniel, of Georgia, and the Great Senior Sagamore is George E. Green, the present Mayor of the city of Binghamton.

The Ancient Order of Foresters is one of the largest orders in existence, as well as one of the oldest. The world's membership as reported in 1897 was 885,391. As long ago as 1790 there is a record of a lodge existing in the parish of Leeds, England, known as the Ancient Order of Foresters. The tradition that links this order with the names of Robin Hood and Friar Littlejohn is as slight as most of the evidence on which are based the claims for the remote antiquity of these orders. It seems,

William Oscar Brown.  
Knights of the Golden Eagle.



D. P. Mackey.

Supreme Commander Knights of the Maccabees.

however, that even prior to 1790 convivial societies bearing the name of the Foresters existed; that they met habited in the garb of woodmen and carrying branches of trees, and that, as is the custom to this day, women shared with men the privilege of organizing co-ordinate branches of the order. Few societies contain a larger number of women than the Foresters. Women have hitherto not seemed to take kindly to secret orders—perhaps because of their proverbial incapacity to keep a secret. The Pocahontas lodges of the Red Men, however, are reasonably flourishing, and the Rebekah lodges of the Odd Fellows have increased greatly, showing an addition for 1895—the last year for which any report is available—of over 27,000.

The existence of the Foresters in England continued, with varying fortunes, down to 1837, when it began to extend its membership. It is represented pretty nearly all over the world, and is one of the few or-

ganizations that draws no color line. The present secretary of the American branch of this great order is Robert A. Sibbald.

The Foresters of America with a membership of 127,000, and the Independent Order of Foresters, with a membership of 110,005, are distinct organizations, not in fellowship with the Ancient Order, nor with each other. The latter was founded in 1874 in Newark, N. J. At this meeting the order separated itself from the English body—the so-called Ancient Order of Foresters. To-day the headquarters are in Canada, the organi-



N. S. Boynton.

Supreme Record Keeper and Ex-Supreme Commander Knights of the Maccabees.

zation is incorporated under act of Canadian Parliament, and the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, is a Canadian. It was Dr. Oronhyatekha who installed in London in 1893 the first high court in the United Kingdom, in which there are now seven high courts of this order. In 1896 the or-

der paid in benefits nearly a million of dollars.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, numbering in America nearly 100,000 members, is an exotic which has flourished not unpromisingly after having been transplanted to this soil. It arose in Ireland in the early days of religious and social persecution, and its purpose was the preservation of the idea of Irish nationality. In 1836 it came to America. Much misunderstanding has ex-



Meade D. Detweiler.  
Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks.

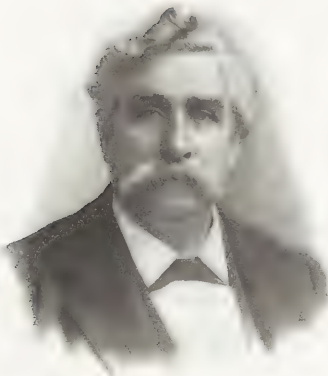
isted regarding this organization; it is not distinctively a religious, but an Irish national body, and seeks to keep alive and vigorous, while proscribing no man on account of race or creed, the cause of Irish nationality. Last year the order endowed with a gift of \$50,000 a chair for the teaching of Gaelic in the Catholic University of America.



E. S. Orris.  
Grand Treasurer of the Elks.

The Knights of the Maccabees, which takes its name from Judas Maccabeus, the great leader of the ancient Hebrews, is not, as one might assume, a Jewish organization. In this connection mention should not be omitted of the Free Sons of Israel, a Jewish organization established in 1849. This society has disbursed since its organization \$6,000,000 and has a surplus fund of \$1,000,000. The Supreme Record Keeper of the Maccabees is N. S. Boynton, of Port Huron, Mich., who is recognized as the father of the organization now numbering some 241,-

000 members. Mr. Boynton has a famous war record. It was his company that captured Morgan the raider; it was he who took possession of a printing office in Athens, Tenn., whose proprietor had fled with the rebel troops, and printed the first Union newspaper published in that state since Parson Brownlow had been driven out,



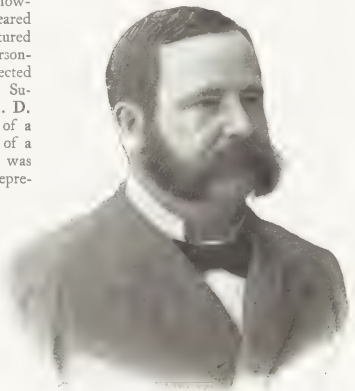
Dr. J. H. McGregor.  
Premier Royal Society of Good Fellows.

two years before. The paper was, however, short-lived, for the rebels re-appeared and swept down on the little force, captured the press, and sent the printers to Andersonville. Mr. Boynton has been twice elected Mayor of Port Huron. The present Supreme Commander of the order is Hon. D. P. Markey, risen from the condition of a farmer's boy to be the senior member of a prosperous law firm. In 1887-8 he was speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives.

The Modern Woodmen of America is an association confined chiefly to the Northwest, and has had a phenomenal growth. W. J. Bryan is a member of this order, which is especially strong in Nebraska. The organization is the conception of one man, Joseph Cullen Root, of Lyons, Iowa, who gave it its name, prepared its ritual, and determined its character. It was a happy thought of its originator to take to the woods for a name, and the self-restraint shown in the refusal to use the word "ancient," coupled with

the audacity of the substitution of the word "modern," were no less happy auguries of its future. Like the Ancient Order of Foresters it draws no color line. No other order has shown anything like such a rate of increase. From 40,000 in 1890 to 240,000 in the present year is a rate of increase of nearly 30,000 a year, and if kept up will soon place it at the head of fraternal beneficiary societies of the United States. It has paid out since its organization over \$8,000,000.

None of these organizations so far indicated is composed of any distinct class of our population. The Elks, however, probably includes more of the votaries of Bohemia than any other society. In 1866 an epidemic of Sabbatarian legislation took possession of the law makers at Albany, and a number of places of innocent recreation were closed on Sunday. A group of actors, finding the old resorts closed against them, began casting around for a way of spending the Sabbath; and a place on Fourteenth street



W. A. Northcott.  
Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America.

was selected, and later a hall on the Bowery. They called themselves the "Jolly Corks," and curiously enough the first president of the society organized as a protest against Sabbatarian legislation, was a son of a clergyman of the Church of England. Charles Vivian, the father of the Elks, an actor gifted, it is said, with a wonderful voice, died in Leadville in 1880, at the early age of 34, but his bones were conveyed nearly ten years after to the city of Boston, under the direction of the Boston lodge, and now repose under a handsome monument in the "Elks' Rest" of that city. But two of the original fifteen members selected in 1868 to draft a constitution for the "Jolly Corks" survive.

It is interesting to know how the Elks came to adopt their present name. Some of the members of the "Jolly Corks," at a time they were considering a change of name, were in Barnum's Museum, and were struck with the appearance of a fine moose head. Under a misapprehension they agreed to select the name Elk for the order, and it is a little amusing to know that for a long time—until the error was rectified by order of the Grand Lodge—the name of the order was the Elks and its symbol the moose, which is not an elk.

The ritual of the Elks is beautiful and solemn. The first Sunday in December of each year is called the Elks' Holy Day, and is set aside for services of music and prayer in memory of the dead. A peculiar custom is the "Eleven O'clock" of the social session, when all present rise and drink in silence to "Our Absent Brothers." The Elks has preserved the informal character that marked its origin. It has no plan of insurance, no sick benefits—as often as these have been proposed they have been defeated—each lodge being free to adopt whatever regulations it chooses.

The Royal Arcanum, with 188,000 members, is an organization which has increased rapidly in recent years. It has an



Joseph Cullen Root.  
Sovereign Commander Woodmen of the World.

elaborate plan of insurance and an elaborate system of government and representation. It was organized in 1877, and the first annual session met in Boston the succeeding year. It has paid out over \$32,000,000 in death benefits.

Among minor fraternal orders is the United Ancient Order of Druids. Notwithstanding its name the organization has no more formidable purpose than "to unite men together irrespective of nation, tongue, or creed for mutual protection and improvement." It is a beneficiary order; has circles composed of women, and is in union with the order in those parts of Europe where it exists. 1839 is the date fixed for its American origin, though its existence in England during the latter part of the last century seems abundantly proven.

The Knights of Malta is a stalwart Pro-



Charles C. Conley.

Great Chief of Records Improved Order of Red Men.

testant organization. It is fraternal, religious, and militant—though drilling and uniforming are optional. The titles are such as befit knighthood; its symbols differ from those of the Masonic and other orders, being of a Christian character, with the exception of its military insignias, which are mediæval. Pennsylvania is the seat of the order and the banner state of Malta.

The United Order of American Mechanics is a distinctively American order, admitting none but native born to membership. It was organized in 1845, and was quite strong during the period of Knownothingism. It finally dwindled in membership, but experienced a new lease of life during the war. The Junior Order of American Mechanics, an outgrowth of this order, is a far larger organization.

The Knights and Ladies of Honor is said to be the first society of its kind to admit women to equal social, beneficiary and elective privileges. The origin of this order dates from a degree for women authorized in 1875 by the Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Honor. This association has collected and paid out over \$12,000,000, and the annual cost of management, including official salaries, and all rents, stationery, etc., has not exceeded fifty cents per member.

The Knights of Pythias have raised \$12,000 to found a monument to John F. Rathbone, the founder of the order. It will be placed in the New Forest Cemetery at Utica, the owners of the cemetery donating a plot of 10,000 feet.

The order of Heptasophs first saw the light in the state of Maryland, and numbers over 30,000 members. The order of the Golden Chain is another society of Maryland birth.

The Royal Society of Good Fellows had its origin in the state of Rhode Island. Women, being as often as men "good fellows," are eligible to membership. Hon. J. H. McGregor of Montague, Me., is its Premier.

The Tribe of Ben Hur is an organization founded in 1894 in Crawfordsville, Ind., and named in honor of Gen. Lew Wallace by a number of his friends and fellow citizens in that town. Though only three years have elapsed since its formation it is now represented in fifteen states.

The opposition which life insurance companies, now become vast financial institutions, encountered at their commencement in the seventeenth century, and through much of their progress, was extended to that system of fraternal insurance which suddenly assumed a position of formidable rivalry to these companies. The Ancient Order of United Workmen thirty years ago was the first of those orders to throw down the gage of battle to insurance companies in the proposal to insure members at actual cost. To-



day at least one in ten of our population is a beneficiary of these orders. The one successful form of co-operation—the only one indeed that has not signally failed—is the fraternal beneficiary order.

The great question which these orders will soon have to settle is how best to guard themselves against an increasing death rate—whether by the establishment of a reserve fund, or by what is known as the "step rate" system. Some few organizations have already adopted the reserve fund plan.

The dangers of inevitably increasing assessments with the increasing age of these orders, are sufficiently clear to all the farsighted men at the heads of these organizations. In the multitude of councils, in the



Morris J. Bauer.  
National Councillor United Order American Mechanics.

many addresses delivered at the last National Fraternal Congress there appears as yet to be little agreement as to what is the real remedy.

Into this subject, however, I have avoided entering, as likely to prove both tedious and unprofitable. Beyond the purely material help extended by these organizations, I am disposed to rate the fraternal feeling engendered by the generous sympathy in times of bereavement, and the social bonds of their more privileged communion. These organizations, now

so potent a factor in our life, are none the less far reaching in their influence because obscured by the more obvious and imposing features of our social progress.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

### *The Poet's Heritage.*

Some men have wealth and vast estates,  
And acres broad and palace gates,  
One is a prince and one a king,  
And one an humble underling.

And lo, the poet, what hath he,  
That he doth trudge so merrily?  
About his happy footsteps throng  
A thousand little waifs of song.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.



## AMONG THE PLAYERS.

**R**EPORTS are coming in from the road of poor business and of companies closing, but as Prosperity is supposed to have arrived, and as in business circles few complaints are made, whatever dullness there is in theatrical matters must be due to inferior plays or acting. It is an extremely rare case when a good play well acted fails to win public favor. And who are those who complain of poor business? Rarely those actors whose conscientious work has gained them popularity, and who appear in worthy plays. Inferior plays fail, as they should, and actors who cannot act must sooner or later understand that the public does not want them.

And the managers who send out a popular play with an inferior cast, will come to learn that after a few seasons the theatre-going public finds out that it is not seeing the New York cast which is advertised and which it is paying for. There are, as a matter of fact, very few plays, which, after a run in New York, are sent on the road with the identical cast that achieved the original success of the production. Almost always there are some changes for the road, as players who can afford it work only in New York, but managers never hesitate to advertise the "original New York cast."

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The subject which has been absorbing so much attention in the theatrical world of late, and which threatens to develop seriously is the Theatrical Trust, now in a fair way to control the majority of attractions in this country. The Theatrical Trust, like all other monopolies, is feared and disliked by those who have to accept its dictates, and there are few managers and stars strong or independent enough to fight it successfully. The men who comprise the Trust have control of the principal theatres throughout the United States, and produce a large number of the best attractions; they also control the booking of other attractions at

their theatres which, being in each town the most prominent, are naturally most desired by all managers for their companies. Consequently, managers and stars are obliged to submit to the terms of the Trust as to booking, time, percentage, etc., and those who are independent enough to refuse terms which are unjust or time which is unfavorable, find themselves confronted with many difficulties and disadvantages. It is hard to procure the best booking independent of the Trust, and whenever an independent star is to play in a town where the Trust controls a theatre, the very strongest possible attraction is sure to be booked in opposition.

The public cares little or nothing for the Trust: it can make no difference to an audience who supplies the attraction so long as the play and players are good. But when the public realizes that some of our best actors are fighting the Trust and its methods, and that in some cities the most popular actors will be obliged to appear at inferior theatres, because the high-class houses are controlled by the Trust, or, in some cases, that a few favorite actors will be entirely barred from certain towns, then the people will understand what effect the Trust has upon the theatre-going public.

Monopoly of any sort is wrong in principle and bad in effect. It benefits the few and injures the many; and in this case it has a decidedly bad effect in that it controls and cramps American dramatic art—a thing which ought to be free as air. Art cannot live and thrive in an atmosphere of repression and suppression, and if the theatre of America is to be in the hands of speculators, it is a sorry outlook for our dramatic art.

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The craze for English burlesques, English blondes and English jokes has quieted down this season, and the one imported production failed to achieve much success. When "The Gaiety Girl" was first brought over, with its gentlemanly comedians, its dignified

chorus, its blonde, beaming and aggressively British female contingent, the whole thing was so new that the American public grasped at it, and "The Gaiety Girl" and its successors enjoyed an immense degree of popularity. The productions were always clean and exceedingly polite; they contained no vulgarity, and in this, it must be confessed, they were a little above our native produc-

do not seem to realize that their audiences may contain ladies and gentlemen and people of intellect. The unthinking may laugh, the coarse-minded may applaud, but decent, cultured people can find little in the farce or so-called comic opera of the present day to enjoy. Many people whose lives are given up to study, or contemplation, or work of a high class, do not visit the theatre often,



**Jessie Mackaye.**

Photo. by Dana.

tions of the same genre. It seems to be hard for an American manager to put on an extravaganza or burlesque or musical comedy or comic opera, without some little taint of vulgarity—some one joke, perhaps a little too broad for refined ears; some costume too daringly indecent; some line whose innuendo is too suggestive, or some situation which must be offensive. There are managers who

and when they do occasionally seek relaxation or enjoyment at the play, the character of some of the attractions of the present day will seem almost an insult to their intelligence. It is such people as these who retreat to their study, read Shakespeare, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sheridan and Molière, and then write essays on the degeneracy of the modern drama.

Undoubtedly one of the most popular comic opera comedians on the American stage is Francis Wilson, a new and handsome portrait of whom we present this month. The productions he makes are

and grotesque action, and he has no singing voice. However, his humor is pleasing, and he always employs enough good singers to make up for his own vocal deficiencies. This season he is still presenting "Half a



Lulu Glaser.

From her latest photo, by Rosser.

always elaborate, his company is good, and his own parts usually afford him the best possible opportunity to be funny. It must be confessed that it is not very high-class fun, for Mr. Wilson's specialty is clowning

King." In private life Mr. Wilson is a happy husband and father, and has a charming home at New Rochelle, New York. His orchard is one of his fads, and his library is another.



Francis Wilson.

From his latest photo. Copyright 1897, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

Miss Lulu Glaser, the charming prima donna soubrette of Mr. Wilson's company is known to the public as a coquettish, curly-haired, short-skirted young person, who warbles delightfully and dances daintily. Off the stage she is equally as charming but more serious, and the portrait which we present of her this month is one of the few ever seen of her in private life and the very best of the kind ever taken. Miss Glaser's success and her advance in Mr. Wilson's company is a well-known story; few girls have had such a chance and few would have held the position so well.

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During the past month we have had another exhibition of the polyglot drama, "as she is spoke." Such an attempt is always unfortunate and often ridiculous. Madame Viarda, a Polish actress, was introduced to New York audiences, having been proclaimed the German Duse. This,

at the outset, was a handicap. The second drawback was a stupid play, and the third was the fact that Madam Viarda's company spoke English, while she went through her part in German. Some years ago Tomasso Salvini played in this fashion, with an English speaking company, the star using his Italian tongue, and the result was inartistic, incongruous and unsatisfactory. Also, when Edwin Booth played in Germany, he employed a German company, speaking his own lines in English. Bernhardt always has her own French company; Duse has her own Italian players, and when the famous German company of Saxe-Meiningen played in this country they all used their native tongue. Such a course is much more artistic, though the words themselves be unintelligible.

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Harry Connor who became so widely known as *Welland Strong* during the famous



Harry Connor.

From his latest photo, by Schloss.

run of "A Trip to Chinatown," is duplicating that successful performance in "A Stranger in New York," Charles Hoyt's latest farce, now running at Hoyt's Theatre. Mr. Connor is an original and highly amusing comedian; his expression, his very aspect is amusing, and his voice is that of the real comedian. It was he who first sang that now so familiar song about the Bowery, where "they do such things and say such things." In "A Stranger in New York," Mr. Connor is surrounded by an excellent company, including Miss Sadie Martinot.

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"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

Arthur W. Pinero is one of the cleverest of the modern English playwrights. He is extremely *fin de siècle*, and he has the knack of putting together bright dialogue, a number of diversified and interesting characters, several dramatic situations, all glossed over with a veneer of pleasant manners, polite wit and hidden sarcasm making an agreeable if not elevating entertainment. "The Princess and the Butterfly," Mr. Pinero's latest dramatic production, and which Daniel Frohman's Lyceum company is now acting, may be called a caprice. It is the story of a woman of forty who married in her youth

an elderly scholar and was buried alive with him for twenty years on his princely estate; at last a widow she enters society and meets a young man who becomes infatuated with her and who stirs the love and youth in her heart which have been repressed for so long. So much for the *Princess*. The *Butterfly* is a middle-aged man of fashion, who has lived in society, traveled, done everything for twenty years and lost interest in everything. An old friend of the *Princess*, he suggests to her that a marriage between them might be an excellent arrangement, and she, fearing her strength to resist the fire of her youthful lover, consents. When the month of probation is over, however, the *Princess* is deeply and youthfully in love with the young man, and the *Butterfly* has come to adore a young girl whom he had formerly considered his niece. So love laughs at the discrepancies of age and youth, and the proposed marriage of the *Princess* and the *Butterfly* is abandoned, and both follow their heart's desire. The story is laid in the midst of London high society of the present day; characters and conversation are extremely modern, yet always polite and after the fashion of the present time. The acting is entirely adequate to the play. Julie Opp plays the *Princess* with much grace, dignity, intelligence and charm; James K. Hackett is handsome, earnest and most gentlemanly as the *Butterfly*, but the part is too old for him; Mary Mannering is altogether delightful as the roguish, coquettish, wild and passionate gipsy girl with whom the *Butterfly* falls in love. The part is entirely different from any Miss Mannering has yet played and it shows her charming versatility. E. J. Morgan plays the ardent lover of the *Princess* with great seriousness, fire and force; Mr. Morgan is a fine young actor, and possesses the most agreeable quality of temperament. Other parts are well played by Mrs. Whiffen and Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, who are all old favorites in the Lyceum company.

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There is only one May Irwin, but she has so much good humor, such a beaming smile, such a rich and pleasing personality, and so much comic ability that she could easily lend some to a dozen other actresses and never feel the lack of it. When she is





**May Irwin.**

From her latest photo. by Chickering.

on the stage, nobody in the audience, thinks of the play; she—May Irwin—is what the audience wants—not a little play that anybody can write. The two most delightful qualities about her are that she is a born humorist, as well as a comedienne, and that she is so thoroughly unaffected that she can joke about her own size and appearance and

laugh at herself with the audience. Her facial expression is so graphic and her keen sense of the comic points in her characters and plays so well exhibited that the audience always feels assured of the player's own enjoyment in the play. As a singer of comic negro songs May Irwin has no rival. A few new ones she has this season, and which



Daisy Dixon.  
Photo. by Schloss.

bid fair to become as popular as "The New Bully," "Crappy Dan," and the "Hoodoo" song, are "The Dummy Line," "Honey on my Lips," in the form of a serenade with quartette accompaniment, which is really beautiful, and a third most amusing ballad about a frog who was always "gettin' into trouble jes to pass the time."

The name of the comedy in which Miss Irwin is appearing this season is "The Swell Miss Fitzwell;" her company, which includes Joseph Sparks, the always humorous Irish comedian, and Ignacio Martinetti, an extremely clever young character actor, is a very good one.

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#### "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

This comedy of the last century in which John Drew is appearing this season is not a very brilliant example of dramatic art or construction, nor does it afford any opportunity for fine acting. A very slender little story—the old-time French *mariage de convenance* between two persons for family

and social reasons, when each has a love affair; then the gradual discovery by husband and wife that they love each other. Incidentally a highly respectable old uncle preaches on the moral and social conditions which prevailed at the time, and which are extremely unpleasant to contemplate. "A Marriage of Convenience" is adapted from the French of Dumas by Sydney Grundy, and while necessarily the piece had to be toned down and much of the Gallic innuendo excised to fit it for American audiences, it is still not agreeable to refined ears. Also in the translation all the sparkle of the Frenchman's wit has disappeared, and as the play contains no really good situation and but few characters, there is not much to be said in favor of it as an entertainment. John Drew did such good work in that delightful little play, "Rosemary," last season that it is too bad to see him in such an inconsequent comedy and character now. He carries himself with much grace and plays the part with good taste, but he is worthy of better things. Arthur Byron who plays the *ami du maison* invests the character with a very life-like stupidity. Elsie de Wolfe is entirely out of her element as a maid; D. H. Harkins is excellent as the uncle of decent mind and morals. Isabel Irving who now occupies the position of leading woman in Mr. Drew's company is unable to imbue her extremely silly part with any attraction or grace whatever.

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Among our portraits this month are Daisy Dixon, a pretty and clever little soubrette, who will be remembered for her frolicsome performance of the maid in "Lost—Twenty-Four Hours," that very amusing comedy which Robert Hilliard presented two seasons ago; Jessie Mackaye, who has a very sweet face, and who is doing good work in Maude Adams' company; and Mrs. Leslie Carter, well known for her performance of the heroine in "The Heart of Maryland" in which she is now appearing. Mrs. Carter will probably be seen in a new production during the season.

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One of the most brilliant actresses who ever graced the American stage and who still has the power to charm and thrill an

audience is Rose Coghlan, who is now appearing in the imported melodrama "The White Heather." Miss Coghlan can invest even a cheap melodrama with dignity by her fine work, as witness her performance in this British arrangement of spectacular scenery and in "The Sporting Duchess" last season. There is always a heartiness, a breeziness and an earnestness about her work that gives the semblance of reality to even an overdrawn character. But it is in the plays which she used to grace that we like to remember Rose Coghlan: in "Peg Woffington"—kind-hearted, whole-souled, merry, delightful Peg—who that ever saw her could forget the scene at *Triplet's* where Peg brought a pie, laughed at poor *Triplet's* tragedies, held the baby, and finally danced a little jig? That was a scene to warm the heart and bring tears to the eyes, and Rose Coghlan did it perfectly. Then, again in "Diplomacy," that wonderfully dramatic play in which Miss Coghlan and her brother Charles played together, and where their two characters had that famous war of wits and strategy—two performances to which the term brilliant may fitly be applied. "Forget-me-not" was another play in which Rose Coghlan used to shine, and which she made absorbingly interesting. It is to be hoped that this delightful actress will be seen again some day in these characters which she has made famous and which are worthy of her talents. The accompanying portrait of Miss Coghlan is the most recent she has had taken, and shows her as she appeared in "The Sporting Duchess."

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Henry Dixey bids fair to regain his popularity of the "Adonis" days with his new venture into the field of magic. Unusual grace, facility of speech, agility and dexterity are all favorable qualities towards the making of a magician, and Dixey possesses them all. He has bought out the entire business, the secrets, and paraphernalia of Frederick Bancroft, who died suddenly and sadly just as he was about to step into the place of the late Professor Herrmann. Dixey couples his entertainment of magic with his familiar but always pleasing imitation of Irving, his impersonations of an old man and the stage-struck country-girl. He also appears in the old-time garb of

*Adonis*—in fact he includes all his talents and achievements in the entertainment.

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The regular season at Daly's Theatre opened last month with an elaborate revival of the "Taming of the Shrew," with Ada Rehan in her favorite rôle of *Katherine* and George Clarke as *Petrucio*. Ada Rehan has made *Katherine* her own, and the part is so thoroughly delightful and the performance so enjoyable in her hands that it is not strange this comedy in Shakespeare's best vein has so long remained a favorite with the Daly company. Ada Rehan is peculiarly fitted and suited to the playing of Shakespearean



Rose Coghlan.

From her latest photo. by Chickering



Mrs. Leslie Carter.

From her latest photo, by Thors.

rôles; in them her best work has been done: her *Rosalind* is a singularly beautiful and bewitching performance, and her *Viola* is almost equally popular. During the present season she will be seen for the first time as *Portia*, for the "Merchant of Venice," will form Mr. Daly's new Shakespearean production for the year.

George Clarke, who has been in the Daly forces for so long and is a most conscientious and studious actor, has never done anything better than his performance of *Petrucio* in the "Taming of the Shrew." He is full of life and vigor and the spirit of the character; his humor is keen and he has the good taste not to exaggerate. In "As You Like It," Mr. Clarke gives a fine and

scholarly impersonation of the melancholy *Jacques*, his reading of the famous lines, "All the world's a stage," being particularly good; in the "Merchant of Venice," he will be seen as *Shylock*.

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Previous to this Shakespearean revival, the Daly company will appear in a few modern comedies and one or two old favorites. There are several new players in the company this season, the cleverest being Wilfred Clarke who did really artistic work in the "Taming of the Shrew," being much at home in Shakespearean rôles. Mr. Clarke comes by his talent naturally, for he is a son of John Sleeper Clarke, a fine



Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

From her latest photo. by Downey.

actor of the old school, and is also a nephew of Edwin Booth. Before joining the Daly Company Mr. Clarke had considerable experience touring as a star, both in the classic drama and old comedies.

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One of the most prominent and popular of English actresses, but one who has never visited America, is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a picture of whom we present this month. Mrs. Campbell has played in romantic, classic and modern drama, though her greatest successes have been in plays of to-day. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," several years ago, she made a great hit, and has since appeared in various other modern

plays, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," for example while in Coppée's "For the Crown," in "Romeo and Juliet," and but recently in "Hamlet," she displayed her aptitude for the romantic and classic drama. Her *Juliet* was more successful than her *Opheia*, but she is best in modern emotional rôles. There are not many prominent English players who have not visited this country, and we may yet see Mrs. Campbell on the American stage. In London she appears with Mr. Forbes Robertson, and is a great favorite. Another interesting item about Mrs. Campbell is that she posed for Philip Burnes-Jones' painting, "The Vampire," which picture inspired Kipling's remarkable poem of the same name.

# THE MUSICAL WORLD.

**W**HETHER the absence of a protracted grand opera season in New York is responsible for one of the most active musical seasons recorded for some years, or the signs of returning prosperity throughout the country have assured the managers that the public would respond with more alacrity to the enticing concerts and varied musical entertainments offered, is a question. The season, has been bewilderingly replete with musical events, which is easily confirmed by the almost exhausted expression noticed on the face of the music lovers and critics.

It has been estimated by several interested in such matters, that there would be over two hundred and fifty important musical performances to attend this season in New York alone—and that the number of visiting celebrities exceeds fifty. No Americans are included in the latter and only a comparatively scanty number in the former. The unappreciated American artist can find some consolation how-

ever, in glancing over the long list of American musical artists who are delighting European audiences this season. The fact that the scale balances quite evenly in the comparison, must be interesting not only to artists, but to all Americans.

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A number of light but worthy musical works, quite unknown or rather unheard in this country, have been introduced to a select few this season through the exclusive society of Musical Arts, which by the way must not be confounded with the New York Musical Art Society; the former presenting amu-

sing musical trivialities for the edification and amusement of the "Astoria" audiences, while the latter renders the works of the most dignified musical significance, for the cultivation and enjoyment of the musically inclined public. The Musical Art Society gives two concerts a season, usually at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. A



Joseph O'Mara and Hilda Clark in "The Highwayman."





Mrs. Grenville Temple Snelling.

Photo. by Aimé Dupont.

chorus of sixty artists and eminent soloists will render this season works of the school of Palstrina, "Christmas Songs" by Von Herzogenberg, and Practorious' "Russian Songs," and the exquisite Liebeslieder by Brahms. The first concert took place December 16, and the second will occur March 17. The Society of Musical Arts will render during their season, which consists of eight performances, commencing December 6th, '97 such works as "Le Chalet" by Adam; the Chaminade ballet, "Callirhoe;" Massenet's "Portrait de Manon," also his mystery, "Eve"; Edgar S. Kelley's "Aladdin Suite" which was conducted by the composer; "Blanc et Noir," a pantomime, by the famous opera artist Victor Capoul; "Zanetto," a one-act opera by Mascagni, also "Il Maestro di Capella,"

and a pantomime "In Old Japan" by Vance Thompson and Aimé Lachaume.

Mme. Pilar-Morin the best pantomimiste known to the public, has won high favor at these performances and Mlle. Louise de Brélor, a new comer from Brussels, is the principal prima donna. Her voice and art have called forth favorable comments. She is a first prize soprano and comedienne of the Conservatoire de Bruxelles, and has studied with Gounod, Ambroise Thomas and Marchesi. Making her début in 1893, with great success, Mlle de Brélor has since sung in the principal light soprano rôles in Paris, Brussels, and many other European cities. During her sojourn in Paris, she became the protégé of a number of the most aristocratic families, and was an immense favorite as a drawing-room singer.



Emil Paur.

Although the life of a person environed from infancy by society is seldom conducive to proficiency in any one particular pursuit, still society does occasionally produce a genuine artist. There are in New York a number of society women who are capable of standing side by side with artists of the first rank. Comparatively few, however, really enter upon the competitive artistic field of battle, and when they chance to do so, invariably find many more obstacles in their path, than artists "from the ranks" encounter.

One of the most successful society artists already favorably known in the principal eastern cities, is Mrs. Grenville Temple Snelling, the possessor of a pure lyric soprano voice, resulting from a very liberal musical education. Mrs. Snelling resided abroad for many years, studying with noted instrumental and vocal teachers in Germany, Italy, and France, consequently is thoroughly conversant with a number of languages, besides being a thorough pianist, accomplishments which enable her to inter-

pret the music of various schools with rare intelligence and taste. In church, on the concert stage, or in the drawing-room, Mrs. Snelling is much admired, and will undoubtedly attain the eminent public artistic position for which both nature and art have so richly endowed her.

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Undoubtedly the most eminently artistic and enjoyable concerts given in New York are those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is at present under the direction of Herr Emil Paur, who has taken up the work to which such a successful impetus was given by Henschel, Gericke, and Nikisch, with eminent satisfaction.

For many years this orchestra has reigned supreme as the best orchestral organization to be found in this country, and in the few years Mr. Paur has had the bâton, which the public so unwillingly saw Mr. Arthur Nikisch lay aside, the orchestra has continued to maintain its undisputed position and to afford the public the highest artistic performances of works of the greatest musical importance.

From the time Emil Paur first appeared in his native town of Czernowitz in 1863, at the age of eight, as a remarkable violinist and pianist, his life has been replete with aspirations and achievements. After winning fame and many first prizes as a young artist, soon after completing his studies he was assigned the position of first violinist at the Vienna Opera House, then as conductor in Berlin, where his masterful work was so much appreciated he was called to Cassel, where he had the opportunity of studying with Hans Von Bulow. He afterwards went to Manheim where he was first concert director for nine years, and was then appointed successor to Arthur Nikisch as di-



Louise de Brelor.  
Photo. by Aimé Dupont.

rector of the Leipsic orchestra, soon after coming to America to fill his present position.

Mr. Paur is not only a conductor of widespread fame, but a composer of great strength and versatility. Very early in his career Mr. Paur made an envied name for himself as a Wagnerian interpreter. The solidity shown in his work with the Boston orchestra, his great individuality, and judicious conservatism, without the least suggestion of old fogyism, in all he has accomplished in a musical way since his advent in America, has placed the devotees of true art in Mr. Paur's debt, and much regret would be felt were he to return to the scenes of his earlier triumphs.

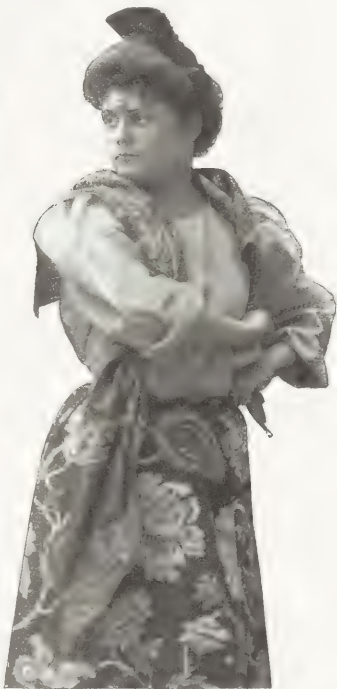
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The Damrosch & Ellis Grand Opera Company have afforded the appreciative musical public of Philadelphia and Boston many fine performances of operas from the German, French and Italian schools, and will open for a short season in New York, beginning January 17th, 1898. Mmes. Nordica, Gadski and Barna have delighted the German opera enthusiasts, and Mmes. Melba, Seygard, and Toronta the French and Italian opera devotees.

Mlle. Camille Seygard, who concertized throughout this country last season with great success, is from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and has achieved many successes in Paris, St. Petersburg and Athens where she became a favorite protégé of the Queen of Greece. Her performances of *Carmen* have made her widely known on the European continent, as one of the most famous *Carmens* ever before the public.

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When in Europe last year, Mr. John Philip Sousa was honored by being invited



Camille Seygard as Carmen.  
Photo. copyrighted 1897 by Aimé Dupont, N.Y.



Jennie Hoyle.

Photo. by Rockwood.

to lead a number of the most noted orchestras on that continent. He has since been persuaded to make a concert tour of Europe, which he will do during the summer of '98, leaving New York with his famous band, the latter part of May to be absent until September. His eleventh American tour has just begun, and promises to be more interesting than any previous one. The soloists this year are two very young musicians, Miss Maud Reese Davies, a soprano of many attractions, and Miss Jennie Hoyle, the very talented violinist, who has so unassumingly won for herself a place among the great women violinists of the present day. Miss Hoyle is of English origin, but has received most of her instruction and made many of her successes here. Her playing is noticeable for its breadth of tone, intelligent phrasing and artistic finish,

"The Bride Elect," an opera replete with interesting new ideas, charming scenery, and excellent, in fact occasionally inspiring music, is the second opera from the remarkably clever pen of the great "American March King," John Philip Sousa. This operatic production savors very slightly of "El Capitan", Mr. Sousa's first opera.

Every idea, word, scenic effect, and note of music in "The Bride Elect" is an inspiration conceived by Mr. Sousa, and as Mr. Sousa is apparently always *en rapport* with himself and the world in general, the opera abounds in that magnetism, which is irresistibly winning in all his work, whether with the pen or bâton. The selection of the Island of Capri for the locale, was particularly happy, as every scene fairly scintillates with the brilliant color effects in which nature abounds there. The most striking features in this spirited, picturesque opera, are the total absence of any dialogue during the first act, the impressive grand march and the tarantella, danced as nearly like the genuine as could be impressed upon dancers who have not lived amidst the wild, weird Neapolitan scenes, whence the dance originated. The company is composed of excel-

lent artists, the rôles being distributed very evenly among the fourteen principals—which include Misses Nella Bergen, Lillian Carlsmith, and Christie MacDonald, also Mr. Albert Hart, who although a young man, is rapidly gaining a place as one of the best comedians on the comic opera stage.

\* \* \*

Miss Hilda Clark, who was identified as prima donna, with the Bostonians for several seasons, has made a most favorable impression as *Lady Constance Sinclair* in "The Highwayman," the latest opera of Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith. Since Miss Clark's début in light opera in 1894, her success has been quite phenomenal. The classic beauty of Miss Clark's face and head, has undoubtedly been as

prominent a promoter in her art as her voice, which unfortunately is beginning to show signs of "comic opera wear." That "The Highwayman" is a successful rival to "Robin Hood," has been declared by many able critics. It is most beautifully presented by an unusually even company, and will undoubtedly be instrumental in upholding the correct standard of comic opera, which has been threatened for some time with entire extinction. Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who has made a decidedly favorable impression as *Dick Fitzgerald*, is the young Irish tenor who came to this country last year with the Irish company, which was brought over expressly to produce "Shamus O'Brien," by Dr. Villiers Stanford, but which was found decidedly mediocre; as far as voices were concerned, Mr. O'Mara was distinctly superior to all the others, and created considerable comment in regard to a prolonged note, which was likened to an organ tone in volume and sustaining power.

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Mr. Theodore Van Yorx, one of New York's silver-voiced tenors, has distinguished himself as an oratorio singer already, although yet a young man. His reputation as a concert and church singer dates from his early boyhood, the beautiful true tenor voice he possesses combined with musicianly instinct, having gained a high place for him; and as Mr. Van Yorx does not seem to rest on the laurels he has already had thrust upon him, but is constantly endeavoring to add to them through close attention to the study of his art, he will soon gain a first rank among the foremost American tenors.

Mr. Van Yorx is solo tenor at St. James' Episcopal Church, also the West End Jewish Temple, New York. He sings in the "Messiah" this year in Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, also in Buffalo, and as usual will be heard many times



Mr. Theodore Van Yorx.

Photo. by Rockwood.

in New York and vicinity, where his finished style has made him in great demand.

\* \* \*

The establishing of a permanent English Grand Opera Company in New York seems to have met with the universal approval and hearty support such an undertaking should receive. The managers have collected an excellent company, largely made up of American singers, which fact in itself, should command support, as it will afford the innumerable American singers a chance to prove whether they are victims of delusive aspirations or "no opportunities." The American Theatre is the home in New York of the English Opera scheme, and Messrs. Zborowski and Savage are to be congratulated upon this worthy experiment.



Henri Marteau.

From his latest photo. by Nadar, Paris.

Henri Marteau, who made such a successful tour of this continent during the seasons of 1893-94, returns to us this month.

During the interim of his absence from these shores, this magnetic artist has served his term in the French army, and since the expiration of his governmental duty, has continued to captivate the intense interest he created among audiences and the greatest musicians and composers during the first years of his professional career. Henri Marteau's musical talent is easily accounted for, as his father was a violinist of considerable merit, also president of the Rheims Philharmonic Society, and his mother was a pianist of note, being a pupil of the great Clara Schumann.

As Henri Marteau was born in 1874, at Rheims, France, he is not only a very young man, but the youngest of the genuinely great

violinists of the world. From as early an age as five years, he was taught the intricacies of the technics of his chosen instrument, first by Bunzl, then by the great violinist and composer Léonard, making his public début when ten years of age.

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The "American Patriotic Musical League" is the latest effort in behalf of the downtrodden American musician, and shows since its incorporation, a long list of names in sympathy with the idea, which is to consolidate all the musical societies of this country into one great national association, for the purpose of encouraging American musicians and opera given in English.

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Mme. Montanari, a new prima donna from Mexico, is creating a furore in San Francisco, in the title role of "Manon Lescaut." It is said that her wonderful voice and dramatic talent will soon be displayed in the east and in Europe.

\* \* \*

Joseph Hofman, who will be heard in this country early in the spring, will be remembered as creating one of the greatest musical sensations recorded in the annals of this country. When only a lad of eight, his marvellous genius drew to the Metropolitan Opera House audiences that filled it to overflowing and that marvelled not only at his precocious interpretations of the great masters, but at his wonderful gift of composition and improvisation. He has been a careful student for the past ten years, his last teacher and adviser being Rubinstein, whose art and genius it is said young Hofman greatly emulates.

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Carl Sobeski, another American tenor, is being lionized in London drawing-rooms this season. His compositions show him to possess more than usual talent and his singing is also highly praised. His repertoire is most extensive and well selected, and he does his country great credit.





Gerardy's \$10,000 Stradivarius Violoncello.

Mlle. Marie Barna, one of the American prima donnas singing so successfully with the Damrosch & Ellis Grand Opera Company has been engaged to sing at the next Covent Garden season of Grand Opera in London. Her *Brunhilde* in "Siegfried," *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," and *Elizabeth* in "Tannhauser" have already stamped Mlle. Barna as one of the foremost Wagnerian singers.

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Nothing is so dear to the heart of the artist as his "beloved instrument." Hollman, the great 'cellist, calls his favorite 'cello, "Mme. Hollman," and is more concerned over its remaining in a draught than many men are over their wives. Leo Stern never allows his precious "Red Strad," which was boxed up for over a hundred years, out of his sight when

travelling, always securing the same accommodations for it he would for a human companion. Eugene Ysaye's pet violin is not a Strad. but the finest Guarnerius supposed to exist. This violin requires the special service of a man to take charge of it, while the eminent violinist is on his tours.

The sonorous 'cello used this year by young Jean Gérardy, is one of the most valuable instruments ever brought to this country. It is a genuine Antonius Stradivarius of 1710 executed during the height of this wonderful genius' art. Remarkable for its perfect preservation, the wood being as beautiful as a painting, and the workmanship and contour a delight to the connoisseur, this 'cello has created a widespread interest among the violin experts of this continent, and a thrill of enthusiasm whenever heard under the magic power of its present owner.



Gerardy's Marvellous Violoncello.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.



Henrik Ibsen.  
From the painting by Koppay.

and he stops at nothing that seems liable to promote the strength of his dramatic argument. Many people profess to read a great "message" in the works of Ibsen, call him a disciple of truth and a prophet crying in the dramatic wilderness. But the Ibsen cult, happily, is small, and the good that this man's plays have done is yet to be seen. What possible advantage can it be to humanity, and what possible entertainment can it be to sit in a theatre and see dreary, unclean problems of life and morality enacted? What does it teach? Sermons are not wanted in the theatre. Plays which make one think of the serious phases of life are one thing, and plays which simply present or unfold horrible situations and nasty conditions are another. Ibsen is without doubt a master of realism, but to the general public his work is dull and uninteresting, and it is scarcely likely that he will ever become popular in America. The play of his which has been most acted in this country is "The Doll's House," which is the least disagreeable of all his works, and this has not been given to any extent except by one actress—Minnie

**N**O dramatist of the present day has stirred up more discussions than Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian. Ibsen is a realist of the most intense sort; his characters and plots purport to be taken from real life, or at least to be true to life: there is never any superfluous dialogue in his plays,

Maddern Fiske. "Pillars of Society" proved a failure when presented here by Beerbohm Tree, the English actor. "Ghosts" had only one or two performances, and they were in the nature of a special production; no manager would have the temerity to put on "Ghosts" as a regular attraction. Ibsen's latest drama, entitled "John Gabriel Borkman," was recently given one performance by the Criterion Independent Theatre, a new organization devoted to the unnecessary and time-worn occupation of "elevating the stage," but the stage will never be

elevated with Henrik Ibsen's dramas.



Col. Geo. Waring.  
Copyright 1897 by Rockwood.



Anthony Hope.  
Photo. copyright 1897 by Rockwood, N. Y.

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**MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S** lecture tour in this country was a short one, and the novelist has betaken himself back to more appreciative Britain. Authors' readings are never very hilarious affairs, and Mr. Hope's were not less dreary than the average entertainment of the sort. It is a singular thing that authors seem ignorant of their best points and their best work, and in the case of reading selections from their own books, they almost invariably choose the least interesting and exciting extract. Fascinating as Mr. Hope's writing is, his reading was dull, and even the matinee girls failed to fall in love with him. While in this country, however, Mr.

Hope found time to have some excellent photographs taken, one of which, showing him in a characteristic and speaking attitude, we present herewith. There is scarcely an author of the present day who occupies the place in fiction that Mr. Hope's work has made for him. Chivalry is always delightful, and when one finds it in stories of the current time, an element of surprise is added. Mr. Hope's newest romance is called "Rupert of Hentzau," and is a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," the most charming romance of modern times. Another new work of Mr. Hope's now on exhibition in this country is the drama written by him for Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothorn and entitled "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," in which these gifted players are now appearing.

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ONE department of our municipal service that fairly shines, is the department of street cleaning, under the administration of Commissioner George E. Waring. Col. Waring's white-winged hosts have kept



Prince Edward of York.

the streets of New York cleaner than they ever were kept before. It has cost more money but it was worth all it cost. Col. Waring is by profession a farmer—that is, he studied agriculture in his youth and had charge of Horace Greeley's farm at Chappaqua, N. Y., for two years in the '50's. He then became agricultural and drainage engineer for Central Park, New York city, and set out that magnificent double row of elms that borders the Mall, which one would think glory enough for any man. However, on the outbreak of the war he raised part of a regiment of mounted hussars and served as a colonel in the southwest. He then managed the Ogden farm at Newport, R. I., for a number of years. He was one of the United States Census Commissioners in 1879, and in 1882 was made a member of the National Board of Health owing to the system of sewage which he devised for the prevention of yellow fever in the cities of the South. Every-

thing Colonel Waring has touched has showed the mark of thoroughness, and Tammany ought, in the generosity of victory, to retain him in the office as long as he lives—if he will accept it.

\* \* \*

THE third most popular woman in England is undoubtedly the Duchess of York, mother of little Prince Edward of York, the future king. Prince Edward is third in direct succession after the queen, and as he is a very healthy little boy, there is not much doubt that he will come to the throne and remain there for some years. His father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of York, are extremely popular in England, and their recent tour to Ireland did much to promote pleasant feeling in that part of the queen's domains. It is possible that another such trip for Canada and the United States may be arranged this year.



Duchess of York.  
From her latest photograph.

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MISS MAUDE GONNE, a beautiful and very clever young woman from Erin, and called the "Irish Joan of Arc," is now in this country making a tour of lectures, talks and observations.



Miss Maud Gonne.

Miss Gonne has traveled a great deal and is very well informed on social, political and economic questions. She hopes to gather material and information while here to aid her in her crusade for liberty, and her work for the uplifting of poor and ignorant of her native isle.



The Home of Mark Twain, Hartford, Conn.



The House of "My Summer in a Garden."

## LITERARY SHRINES OF HARTFORD.

BY THEODORE F. WOLFE.

THE beautiful valley through which the Connecticut, noble "River of Pines," winds on its way to the sea abounds with the scenes and associations which we esteem most precious. From the broad lowlands toward the sound where we find the delightful home which Donald G. Mitchel (Ik Marvel) has made famous as "My Farm at Edgewood," to the clustering hills which closely border the northern reaches of the river, we ramble through a region long loved by many of our *littérateurs* who have here found homes and themes.

Among the shrines which appeal most strongly to the lettered pilgrim are those of Hartford—the beautiful city of the Charter Oak—which has for a century been a literary center. Its prominence began in the days of the famous "Hartford wits" and the older portion of the city has its precious associations with Trumbull, Barlow, Dwight, Hopkins, Brainard, Alsop, Goodrich, Noah Webster, as well as with more recent authors. As we stroll the older streets we find

the sometime home of George D. Prentice; the seminary where Harriet Beecher Stowe and Rose Terry Cook were once pupils; the church and pew—marked now by a tablet with its eulogistic inscription by Whittier—where Lydia Huntley Sigourney worshipped; the *Insane Retreat* depicted in Dickens' "American Notes;" the site of the school where Gail Hamilton taught; the place of the birth of Edmund C. Stedman. A business structure at the corner of Grove and Main streets displaces the two-story brick house, where John Greenleaf Whittier—then a "shy lad in homespun clothes of Quaker cut," as he described himself—lived when he published his first volume of verse, and edited the *New England Review* in a building which then stood a little above the old State House. In the yellow files of this old paper, preserved at the nearby Athenæum, we find "Christ in the Tempest" and many others of Whittier's earlier poems, including several which have not appeared in any collection.

Westward from the heart of the city is the embowered and sedately old-fashioned dwelling of Mrs. Annie T. Slosson, author of "Seven Dreamers," and other clever tales of New England life, and, nearer the railway and overlooking the park and a wide area of the city, stands the imposing edifice which was for many years the home of the poet, Mrs. Sigourney, and a center and focus of literary and social culture. Modern municipal encroachments have reduced the magnificent grounds which once environed the mansion to a few rods of sward standing high above the grade of a street excavated just by the door, but the narrow green retains a few of the old trees and the mansion itself is scarcely changed. It is an ample, large-roomed, high-ceiled fabric, with wings projecting from either side and a noble portico upheld by lofty columns in front, occupied now as a sanitarium. To this house, then almost palatial in its appointments, the gifted and graceful poet was brought as a bride, here she passed the most of her life, and, in a room which looked out from behind the white columns upon an entrancing and extensive prospect, she wrote most of her fifty-seven volumes of prose and verse.

Some furlongs beyond is the beautifully diversified suburban neighborhood of Nook Farm with its notable literary colony. Upon a grassy knoll by Farmington avenue our most popular living American writer, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), has erected his house—an irregular, multi-gabled, multi-chimned edifice of divers-colored bricks. The bricks being laid in fanciful courses and at various angles produce an effect at once striking and distinctive, which the embowering vines and foliage render altogether pleasing. An undulating lawn dotted with fine trees slopes toward the avenue and about two sides of the house cluster great forest trees—members of a wood which clothes a steep declivity falling away from the house to the little Park River which winds lazily along the margin of a meadow close by. The kitchen (an after-thought) is in front of the house; a broad shaded ombra is at the back and between these are handsome and spacious apartments, with rich wood panels and wide fireplaces, embellished by many articles of furniture and bric-à-brac which are the spoils of years of foreign travel. In these rooms the great humorist

and his charming wife—sister of the *Dan* of "Innocents Abroad"—have entertained many of the foremost of his contemporaries in literature. Mr. Clemens first fitted up a study above the handsome library, but its alluring outlook so much distracted him from his literary tasks that he appropriated a corner of the billiard-room on the third floor for his workshop and there we find his writing-table, chair, and a few shelves of books. In this retreat among the tree-tops much of his literary work has been done, including portions, at least, of "The Prince and the Pauper," "Huckleberry Finn," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Life on the Mississippi" and many other stories and sketches.

The former residence of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker—a rambling Gothic cottage set in ample grounds and shaded by noble trees—just out of Forest street was the dwelling of Mark Twain for three or four years before he erected his present home, and to that period belong "Tom Sawyer," "The Gilded Age," etc.; "Roughing It" was produced in the house of his publisher, Mr. Bliss, in Asylum avenue. His latest works have been written abroad during the prolonged exile in which he is bravely and successfully struggling to retrieve his fallen fortunes, his home meantime being in charge of a gardener who maintains house and grounds in the perfect order in which Mr. Clemens left them.

In the fair woodland which adjoins on the south is the delightful residence of Charles Dudley Warner. Upon the one hand his grounds decline steeply to the riveret and meadow, upon the other hand an expanse of level lawn extends to the distant street and upon every side of the dwelling stand grand forest monarchs with wide reaching branches and abundant foliage. The house is of imposing dimensions, with wide verandahs and bays, and with picturesque gables and dormers in its steep roof. Spacious rooms lie upon either side of a central hall whence broad stairs lead to the author's workroom in one of the high gables. Through the cheerful apartments are artistically arranged a wealth of curios and bric-à-brac which Mr. Warner has gathered in his several tours abroad, pieces of antique pottery being especially notable. A redwood mantel-piece in the music-room is set





Residence of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe.

with Saracenic tiles—some bearing Arabic legends—brought from the Alhambra, the Mosque of Omar and ancient edifices of Cairo and far Damascus; near-by hangs in unique frame of ebony and tortoise-shell, the “Martyrdom of Santa Barbara” painted by Vasquez in 1540, and upon every hand we see articles of similar interest or value. Books abound everywhere, in the rooms, in the halls, on the landings; in the third-story study they are profusely disposed upon shelves, tables, cases, and yet so methodically that the genial author, who sits among them to write the charming works which all the world reads, instantly finds any desired volume. This study is a bright and cheery chamber among the birds and branches: opposite its western window, from which he looks through the boughs and across an undulating expanse to the Talcott mountain, Warner works for some hours of each morning upon his literary occupations. Here he has written “Their Pilgrimage,” “A Little Journey in the World,” “Our Italy,” “The Golden House” and much of his later work.

A homelet which will completely win the heart of the pilgrim is that which Warner occupied in the days of his “Summer in a Garden” and “Back-log Studies”—books which many yet regard as the most enjoyable of his productions. It is a little Gothic cottage of red brick, standing near-by amid arborescent evergreens and shrubbery; at one side is a ravine overhung by forest trees, at the back lies the garden he made famous—now a green stretch of sward flecked with fruit trees and bordered by masses of foliage. In the pretty drawing-room at the left of the entrance is the fire-place which inspired “Back-log Studies,” and, behind it, the conservatory and the place where, “on the brightest spot of a Smyrna rug,” died the cat “Calvin”—a present from Mrs. Stowe, and the subject of one of Mr. Warner’s most exquisite sketches. In a little attic room, whose single window looks out upon the scene of his labors and cogitations in the garden, he wrote the books which made his fame, with “Calvin” often upon the table watching his pen or sleeping among the papers by the inkstand. Besides the works

already mentioned he here produced "In the Wilderness," and portions of books of oriental travel, and wrote "The Gilded Age" in collaboration with Mr. Clemens, who then resided just across the street.

Opposite to Mr. Warner's present abode is that of his brother, and the sojourn of the noted dramatist, William E. Gillette, with the picturesque shingle-clad cottage of Richard Burton, the versatile author, poet and critic, adjoining on the east.

But a few rods distant on the same tree-lined street is the pleasant home in which the most famous of American women and author of the most widely-read tale of modern times, Harriet Beecher Stowe, passed her declining years of life. Through a well-kept lawn, set with shrubbery and bright with flowers, a curving path conducts to a Gothic porch which protects the entrance to the cottage—an attractive, home-like structure of moderate dimensions. A pretty gable rises from its center-roof, dormers look out upon either side, its brick walls are colored a soft gray, its front windows face the sunrise. Pleasant, tastefully furnished apartments flank the entrance, a cheerful dining-room at the left, a combined sitting-room and library at the right. Here are the treasured belongings of the world-renowned writer, her furniture, books, paintings, portraits, testimonials, many priceless souvenirs of her noble life and of her marvelous achievements. Above is the room in which she penned most of the works produced during her twenty-three years' residence here, among them being "We and Our Neighbors," "A Dog's Mission," and "Poganuc People;" with the latter, a popular representation of New England lives and loves, practically ended her literary career, and here she wrote her last page and laid down her pen never to take it again. In this upper chamber, too, she breathed out her life, lingering several years behind her husband, who died in the same room and upon the same bed. This house is still occupied by the daughters who here ministered to her in her age and decadence with untiring love and who now preserve the place and its belongings practically unchanged.

A sadder fate has befallen the once beautiful home which Mrs. Stowe previously in-

habited at Glenwood, half a mile distant. Most of the noble grove, which was a beloved resort of her girlhood and drew her back years afterward to dwell in this spot, has been destroyed; the trees and shrubs she rooted have yielded to the spoiler; the lawn and garden she planted have almost disappeared beneath factories and warehouses and the pathetic remnants of leaf and blade are assailed by dust and soot. The picturesque gabled dwelling she designed and built has been robbed of its fair verandahs and pretty bay windows and degraded into a storage house for the huge factory which now over-shadows it. To Mrs. Stowe within these now dishonored walls came from both sides of the Atlantic scores of the most eminent *littérateurs* and reformers of her time, and here she received tidings of the final overthrow of the institution against which her first great, glowing tale was directed. In a spacious room at the right, whose windows are now barricaded with rough boards and whose floor is heaped high with refuse irons and worn-out machinery, were written several of her thirty-six volumes including "Pink and White Tyranny," the much discussed and denounced "History of the Byron Controversy," and the "Oldtown Folks" which has been classed among her great books and was a pioneer in a field which has since been faithfully tilled. Here, too, her husband—the original visionary boy of "Oldtown Folks" whose youthful experiences were embodied in her "Oldtown Fireside Stories"—wrote the erudite "Origin and History of the Books of the New Testament."

Other Hartford shrines allure our pilgrim steps, and further afield in this superb valley we may find the sometime homes or haunts of Bancroft and Dr. Molland, of Edwards and Channing, of George Ripley and Mary E. Wilkins and of other shining lights of literature; the modest village dwelling of the author of "Looking Backward" and "Equality"; the delightful suburban residence of that sympathetic delineator of Creole life, George W. Cable; the boyhood home of the lamented Eugene Field; the mountain-side "Naulahka" of the wonder-working Kipling—but these scenes deserve a separate pilgrimage.

## AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

### III.—THE TELEGRAPH.

*"I claim for myself, and consequently for America, priority over all others in the invention of communicating intelligence by electricity."*—STEPHEN F. B. MORSE.

WHEN the wise men of Europe were gravely debating in the schools the identity of electricity and lightning, an American, Franklin by name, sent up a kite in a storm and proved it. That deed of personal courage and common sense gave this country a leading rank in the realm of electrical science, a position it has ever since maintained.

About a year after Franklin's demise, at a point about a mile from Franklin's birthplace, was born the subject of this sketch, who was destined to contribute a great blessing upon the world. Stephen Finley Breese Morse was born at Charleston, Mass., April 27, 1791. His father was the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D. D., a native of Woodstock, Conn., and the author of a text book on geography that many readers of this article will no doubt remember as a companion of their own school days. The family cradle was successively occupied by two younger brothers of Stephen, one of whom, Sidney E. Morse, was the founder of the *New York Observer*, whose late editor Dr. Prime wrote a biography of Morse which is the standard work on this subject.

There seems to have been little in Morse's early life that gave indication of the subsequent bent of his genius. It is true that he participated as most boys have in certain electrical experiments at home, and when at college wrote of the pleasure he derived from the lectures on electricity of Professors Day and Silliman, but he also wrote with more enthusiasm of his love of art and of the money he earned painting miniatures on ivory at \$5 apiece. He graduated from Yale at the age of 19 and studied with Allison. Finally the young man was so happy as to embark for Europe to complete his art studies and like that other great American inventor, Robert Fulton, he received a thorough course from his distinguished fellow countryman in England,

Benjamin West. That great artist must have experienced sensations akin to those of the hen that hatched the ducklings as he saw his two most promising pupils drop their brushes, the one to launch the first successful steamboat and the other to establish the first successful telegraph line.

That Morse had high talents as an artist is proved by the success which attended his first painting "The Death of Hercules," which was adjudged one of the nine best in several thousands submitted to the Royal Academy. As was customary with careful artists, Morse had modeled the figure of his Hercules in clay before painting it and by advice of West, he also showed that at a competitive exhibition where he received the first prize and a gold medal. On returning to Boston he was made much of by society, but got very few orders. And then first appeared the inventive spirit of Morse. He designed and had patented a fire department force pump to be operated by hand and succeeded in selling some of them. During this period he was intimate with Professors Dana and Kenwick, who kept him abreast of the progress then making in electrical science.

But why follow Morse's fortunes as an artist? Why recount his remarkable success as a portrait painter in Charleston S. C., by which he was enabled to marry and start a family, or why follow him to New York City where he founded the National Academy and at Columbia College delivered the first lectures on art ever given in America? Why go with him after the loss of his wife on a tour of England, France and Italy where he devoted himself passionately to a study of old masters? He thought painting his life work, but as the event proved it was but the preparation for his life work.

"The packet ship Sully, Capt. Pell, sailed from Havre on the 1st day of October, 1832, for New York," wrote Dr. Prime, many years afterward. "Among the cabin passengers were the Hon. William C. Rives of Virginia, returning with his family from Paris, where he had been as Minister of the United States; Mr. J. T. Fisher of Philadelphia; Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston, Mr. S. F. B. Morse of New York; Mrs. T. Palmer, Mr. W. Palmer, Mr. J.

Haslett of Charleston, S. C; Mr. Lewis Rogers of Virginia; Mr. W. Post of New York; Mr. Constable of New York; Mons. de la Cande, Mons. J. P. Chazel of Charleston; Mr. A. Scheidler of Frankfurt, Germany; Mr. and Mrs. Burgy and others.

"In the early part of the voyage conversation turned at the dinner table upon recent discoveries in electromagnetism and the first experiments of Ampère with the electromagnet. Dr. Jackson spoke of the length of wire in the coil of a magnet and the question was asked by some one of the company if the velocity of electricity was retarded by the length of the wire. Dr. Jackson replied that electricity passes instantaneously over any known length of wire. He referred to experiments made by Dr. Franklin with several miles of wire in circuit to ascertain the velocity of electricity; the result being that he could observe no difference of time between the touch at one extremity and the spark at the other. At this point Mr. Morse interposed the remark: 'If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity.'

"The conversation went on. But the one new idea had taken complete possession of the mind of Mr. Morse. It was as sudden and pervading as if he had received at that moment an electric shock. All he had learned in former years, the experiments he had seen in his boyhood, his studies with Professors Day and Silliman, the later and significant discourses of Professor Dana and conversations with Professor Kenwick, were revived and began to form themselves into means and ways to the accomplishment of a grand result. He withdrew from the table and went upon deck. He was in mid-ocean, *undique coelum, undique pontus*. As the lightning cometh out of the East and shineth into the West, so swift and far was the instrument to work that was taking shape in his creative mind."

Morse studied incessantly, sketch book in hand, during that voyage, planning an apparatus that would respond to the touch of an operator at a distance and write a message by means of an interrupted electric current acting upon an electromagnet so as alternately to attract and release the writing implement. In a few days he submitted his first rough drafts of the proposed telegraphic apparatus to his friends on ship-board. It was theoretically capable of writing only in dots and dashes and Morse's idea was to use only ten characters, representing only the ten numerals as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
 . . . . . - - - - -

His plan was to have every word likely to be used in telegraphing entered in a telegraphic dictionary and numbered. The number only was to be transmitted by wire and the operator at the receiving station

would then have only to turn to his telegraphic dictionary to translate the message.

On landing in New York Morse was met by his brothers to whom he eagerly communicated his discovery and they helped him all they could. Singularly enough, the real difficulties of the problem never occurred to him and he spent his time working on an adjustable apparatus to interrupt the current of electricity automatically to form the desired characters. Then came the consciousness that he must earn his living meanwhile and so, though he never lost faith in the possibilities of the telegraph, he was forced to discontinue his experiments while he traveled around the country painting portraits. And just about this time occurred one of the most painful experiences of his life. As President of the National Academy, Morse had received commissions for some very important work including a portrait of La Fayette during the second visit of that friend of freedom to this country. His great ambition, however was to paint a picture from American history to decorate one of the panels in the rotunda of the new Capital at Washington. Less successful painters were so honored, but owing, as it was alleged, to the enmity of a certain senator, Morse never received the commission. The disappointment was a grievous blow to the struggling man and yet it was the making of him for it turned his thoughts again to the telegraph. He was able to devote himself thenceforth with unremitting diligence to his experiments from the fact that at this time, 1835, he received the honor of an appointment to the professorship of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the New York University then located on Washington Place. Previous to this time he had worked at intervals in a room provided for him by one of his brothers in a house at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, where a great office building bearing his name now stands. This year, 1835, is therefore memorable as the date on which his first clumsy machine for sending messages was put together. It was built on a pine frame such as the painter's canvas is stretched upon, fastened in an upright position upon a table. Across the centre of this frame was a sort of shelf over which was drawn a ribbon of paper by a system of rollers kept moving by clock work. The



Samuel F. B. Morse.

From the painting by Alonzo Chappel.

marking was done with a lead pencil at the bottom of a pendulum suspended over the moving ribbon of paper. When not disturbed by a charge of electricity a continuous straight mark was made upon the moving paper by the pencil. When the current was

turned on it charged an electromagnet which thereupon attracted the pendulum to one side causing the pencil to describe a slanting mark across the paper. When the current was released the pendulum swung back to its former position. A single sudden charge and release,



Recording Telegraph Receiver.

Invented by Alfred Vail. By this instrument was recorded the first telegraphic message sent in America. The words were "What hath God wrought!" and were sent by Morse at Washington and received by Vail at Baltimore, May 24, 1844.

such as now makes the sharp click of the telegraphic instrument and in the old days of telegraphy used to record a dot, made in Morse's first instrument a V. The number of V-points in an unbroken row meant a figure. These figures when separated by a single dash represented a series forming a number. The numbers meant different words and were separated from each other by longer dashes. Every message received had to be translated into numbers, set up in leaden types, in order to have the interruptions of the current exact, and then, being sent, the receiver in turn had to translate the message back into words. This was the first practicable electric telegraph ever constructed and the original apparatus is now on exhibition at the Western Union Building in New York.

It was Morse's misfortune—as it has been the misfortune of almost every great inventor—to have his success, if not his disposition, soured by protracted litigation. These law suits in Morse's later years gave rise to bitter jealousies on both sides and efforts have frequently been made to belittle his work and to show how impossible his plans would have been without the help of others. To a certain extent it is no doubt a praise-worthy thing to call attention to the less famous, but

no less worthy coadjutors of a great genius. It has been well said that there were three men to whose devoted services are due the modern telegraph: Professor Joseph Henry of Princeton College, the scientist, Professor Morse, the inventor, and Alfred Vail, the mechanical genius. Each of these men was peerless in his own field. Each would have been helpless without the others. Any effort to compare them, one with another, would be as foolish as to compare the root trunk and branch that make up the perfect tree. To this working triumvirate should also be added the name of Judge Stephen Vail, the capitalist of the telegraph.

Morse was very poor in 1837. He used to buy his provisions at a grocery store and smuggle them into his room at night in order that nobody should know how he had to stint himself. He even went hungry some days. Naturally he could not afford to spend money on models and so the telegraph made little progress for two years more. Then Morse took into his confidence Professor L. D. Gale who lectured on natural science at the University and was well read in all the literature pertaining to electricity. The trouble with Morse's instrument was that while it worked with a short wire, lengthening the wire reduced its efficiency,





Alfred Vail, Co-Inventor with Morse, of the Télégraph.

From a rare photograph.

which would ruin it for long distances. Professor Gale at once saw that for a long distance circuit a many-celled battery was required and that to gain power in his electromagnet he should wind his insulated wire around his soft iron horse shoe a great number of times. These changes being made the machine was able to do what its inventor had expected of it, and was worked successfully through a circuit of ten miles. Professor Gale then showed the inventor an article published by Professor Henry in

the *Journal of Science* in 1831, explaining his original investigations with the electromagnet and his discovery that its power could be greatly augmented by increasing the number of coils of insulated wire about it. What particularly struck Morse with surprise, however, was the news that as early as 1826 Professor Henry had arranged a bell which could be rung by means of an interrupted current passing through a great length of wire and that the Princeton professor had suggested the use of this appa-



**Building at Morristown, N. J., in which Morse and Vail evolved the first perfected telegraph instrument.**

tus for purposes of audible telegraphy. Morse had been in Europe when Professor Henry's researches were published. He promptly took advantage of Henry's discovery to make an important invention on his own account. This was the relay system, by which, if a current becomes so weak that it cannot start the receiving instrument, it can at least open and close an armature regulating a fresh current on another circuit. Morse used to say, "If I can make the current go ten miles, I can make it go around the world."

Alfred Vail had received a thorough mechanical training in his father's iron works at Morristown, N. J., before taking his college course; after graduating he had been obliged by ill health to abandon his idea of studying for the Presbyterian ministry. On Sept. 7, 1837, he happened to call on Professor Morse when that gentleman was exhibiting his apparatus to a couple of friends. The walls and ceiling of the professor's room were hung with festoons of insulated wire altogether several miles in length. The young man became extremely interested. He went to his room and taking an atlas traced out the various lines of telegraph that he foresaw would be constructed. He

was unable to sleep that night and next morning went to Professor Morse and made a proposal of partnership. Morse agreed on condition that Vail should construct a presentable model to be taken to Washington and exhibited to Congress, the idea then being to sell the invention to the government. Judge Vail, Alfred's father was induced to advance \$2,000 toward the enterprise.

There is no doubt that young Vail was a better mechanic than Morse. In building a new instrument both the partners studied to make improvements, and their improvements were so revolutionary that the new machine was scarcely recognizable as a child of the old. In place of the V-shaped notches of Morse, Vail is said to have invented the dot and dash notation in a straight line and, according to his assistant, William Baxter, who afterwards invented the Baxter engine, Vail was the sole author of the so-called Morse alphabet made up of dots, dashes and spaces which is still in use throughout the world. The receiving machine which was used in the first telegraph line ever constructed is pictured here. The instrument itself is treasured in the National Museum in Washington. The

old building at Morristown in which it was made is still standing.

Who does not know the anxious period of waiting and importuning at the Nation's Capital, before Congress at the last moment of the last session on Feb. 23, 1843, passed the bill appropriating \$30,000 for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore? The glad news was brought to the disheartened inventor by Miss A. G. Ellsworth, afterwards Mrs. Roswell Smith, and she had the privilege of dictating the first recorded message over the new line when it was completed, the message chosen being, "What hath God wrought!" Morse sent the message and it was received by Vail at Baltimore.

The rapid development of telegraphy thereafter, the honors that were showered upon Morse by the great of all the nations of the earth, the setting up of a statue to him in Central Park, the litigation and the bitterness, are all to be found in the biographical encyclopedias. The following characteristic lines from the pen of Mr. Henry A. Reed of New York, who was well acquainted with Mr. Morse, tell more about the character of the man than all the books in the libraries:

"In politics and religion he was a radical; I do not mean an extremist, but firm in his convictions. There was no mugwumpiness in him, and although never obtruding, he was always ready to defend his ideas with order, but never with vehemence. He was charming in conversation, but never tried to speak in public except from full notes. He was a most devoted member of the Presbyterian church, but I do not think he ever spoke in meeting, and he used a book of prayers in his family devotions. He never sought political honors, but was a staunch Democrat of the old style—believed slavery to be a divine institution, and in what was termed the rights of slave owners. He did not believe that all men were created equal; still no man was ever kinder or more considerate to servants.

"During the rebellion his sympathies were unquestionably with the South.

"He did not wish the government to be overthrown or the country to be divided, but he did hope and strive for a settlement by which the rights of slave states, as they claimed them, should be retained.

"When McClellan was maneuvering before Richmond, the Professor said to me: 'Now you see, Mr. Reed, that in war victory is not gained by hard fighting, and by murdering men by the thousand. Armies move on the field like men on a chessboard. McClellan is about checkmated, and it is a good time to settle without more bloodshed.'

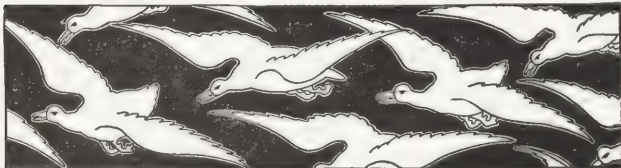
"About that time, it will be remembered, General Grant had different ideas and decided that less play and more fighting were necessary; so we see that our greatest men do not always get on the right side of all questions."

Another side light upon the character of Morse is furnished by the following bit of versification composed and inscribed by him in Miss Ellsworth's autograph album (the subject is the sun dial):

"The sun when it shines in a clear cloudless sky,  
Marks the time on my disk in figures of light;  
If clouds gather o'er me, unheeded they fly,  
I note not the hours except they be bright.  
So when I renew all the scenes that have passed  
Between me and thee, be they dark, be they light,  
I forget what was dark, the light I hold fast,  
I note not the hours except they be bright."

Although Morse failed to secure patents in most of the countries of Europe, several of these countries combined and gave him a purse of 400,000 francs which with his income from his American patents made him comfortable notwithstanding his lawsuits. He remarried and resided in Poughkeepsie for many years. He died April 2, 1872, shortly after taking part in the unveiling of a statue in honor of Franklin, in New York. Among his last words were these, "The best is yet to come."

GEORGE M. SIMONSON.



## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A FEATURE of THE PETERSON for 1898 will be the Story of the Life of John Brown, the great American Reformer, whose complete and authentic biography will be presented for the first time. The present generation knows but little of John Brown, but he was an important and striking figure in our country's history forty years ago, and there are events of the greatest historic interest in his career, which really formed a turning point in the affairs of the nation. The author of the life of John Brown, Mr. Will M. Clemens, is eminently fitted to write of the old hero's career; for he lived near Brown's home in Ohio, and for years has made a close study of Brown's life, his private affairs, his public connection, and all the events with which his name is associated. Many facts, hitherto unpublished, will be included in these articles, and many rare portraits and photographs will illustrate the series. The first article appears in the current issue, and the series will include seven additional articles.

In the next issue of THE PETERSON two highly interesting articles dealing with American subjects will be published. In the fourth instalment of American Inventions will be told the story of the Rotary Printing Press, one of the greatest mechanical achievements of the age, invented and perfected by Robert Hoe, a biography of whom will be included in the article. Many interesting illustrations will appear in this article. The next subject of THE PETERSON series, American Orators, will be John C. Calhoun, the eminent Southerner, whose fiery eloquence and strong character made him so conspicuous in the Senate, and whose history will be fully told in the third instalment of this highly interesting series.

ACCORDING to the promise made in our advertisement offering prizes to those who would correctly supply the missing word in the sentence, "The sentiments of the people were much divided about this ——— expression," we herewith give results. The advertisement in the various publications in which it was placed, brought in 197 replies: 197 subscriptions at \$1 each, amounting to

\$197. One tenth of this sum, \$19.70, is to be divided among the successful contestants, who number six, and are as follows:

William Lowe, Troy, N. H.  
S. C. McDowell, Winnsboro, S. C.  
Mrs. Jennie J. Sylvester, Anarcortes, Wash.  
Nellie Salsman, Elmira, Ore.  
Mrs. N. S. Hill, Long Beach, Miss.  
Dr. G. W. Bartlett, Watertown, N. Y.

We have sent our check for \$3.28 to each of these people.

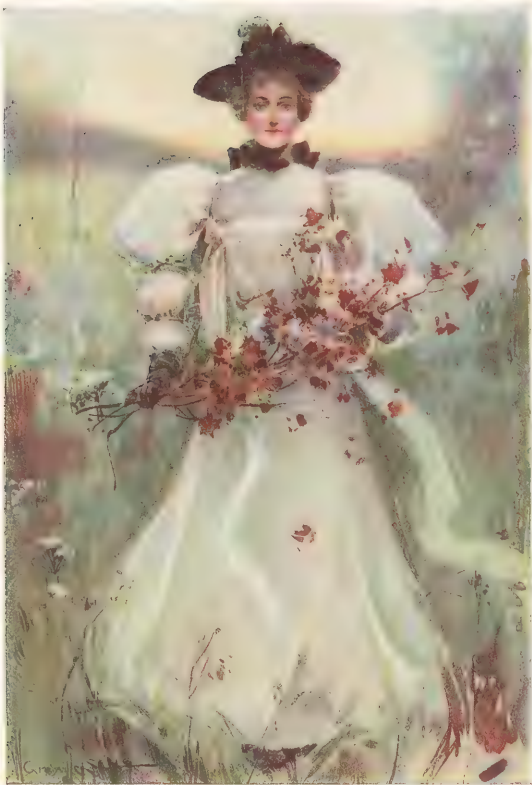
The sentence complete is as follows: "The sentiments of the people were much divided about this AMBIGUOUS expression," and is taken from Rollins' Ancient History."

We trust that all contestants are pleased with THE PETERSON MAGAZINE and that we may continue to number them among our regular readers.

FAILURE in digestion means lack of good blood, and therefore a lack of food for the nerve centers. As the nerves control the organs of the entire body, one can readily understand that a disorganized nervous system may show effect in any part of the body. Therefore a removal of the cause will allow nature to right herself. A powerful assistant to nature is Postum Cereal Food Coffee, composed of albumen, phosphates, gluten, etc., from which nature builds in the delicate tissues of the nerves.

SUBSCRIBERS who last year took advantage of our remarkable combination offers will doubtless be glad to renew this year or to select a different combination. We can save our subscribers money on any magazine, or magazines, taken in connection with THE PETERSON, and are offering the most extraordinary value for a very low figure.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.—"Well that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of the ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."



"AUTUMN LEAVES."

FROM A PAINTING  
BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH.

THE brilliancy of the autumnal foliage lasts but a short season at most; when the biting frost has completed its work, the trees shed their dead and lustreless leaves and wait for nature to clothe them anew.

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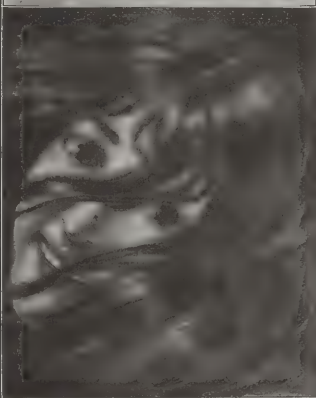
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THE ORIGINAL  
**PEPSIN GUM**  
CURES  
INDIGESTION  
AND SEA SICKNESS  
ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS

## NAME AND NATURE.

In English gardens one may often see a few rows of maize or Indian corn, with its nodding plumes and green streaming pennons. It is grown, as pampas grass is, for ornament. For in that climate the corn never passes beyond the milk stage, and cannot be cultivated even for the table as roasting ears. It seems strange to cross the ocean and see miles on miles of this same grain, the tossing plumes higher than a man's head, the yellow ears larger than a man's wrist. It is just a question of climate. In Arabia Felix there are certain narrow zones, which yield the choicest dates. In Turkey, one little strip of soil gives the choice tobacco that finds its way into the pipe of Sultan and of Shah. The little struggling shrub of northern climates is a mighty tree in the tropics. And so through the whole range of products and the world's wide area, the soil and climate, and not the name of plant or shrub determine its real value. There are, in round terms, a dozen varieties of sarsaparilla plant. But of all these only one has any great medicinal value—the variety found only in Honduras, C. A. It is this variety, used exclusively in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which gives it so great a curative value above preparations of the eleven other varieties of sarsaparilla, which are sarsaparilla in name only and not in nature—judged by medicinal value. Send for the Curebook. It tells of cures by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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We honor the Stewart Hartshorn Co.'s methods, and we admire their business enterprise in not permitting their success to saturate them with a spirit of egotism. They work just as hard to this day to improve and keep up and to watch the qualities of everything going into their roller as they did the first year, when they attempted to establish a reputation. Prosperity has ruined a great many enterprises. Success has been achieved and with it a feeling that everything has been accomplished and all hands can enjoy a rest; but this sort of prosperity has stimulated the Hartshorn people to their increased efforts, and, as a result, they are still growing and still enlarging and their product is all the better each year. Spring shade rollers bearing the name of Stewart Hartshorn are used in every civilized country on the face of the earth.

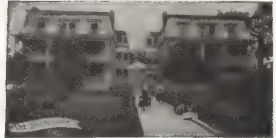
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"I consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed my case as Atrophy. After one year's treatment they pronounced my case hopeless. In July, 1896, I consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, one eye being nearly sightless and the other only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. I had nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. After treatment the strong magnifying glass was discarded and glasses used years ago enabled me to read."

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### WHY HE WAS COURAGEOUS.

"I think," she said, hesitatingly and with  
downcast eyes, "that you'd better speak to  
papa."

"Sure," he replied promptly. "That's  
dead easy. The only thing that troubled me  
was the interview with you."

"You're not afraid of papa?" she said, in-  
quiringly, opening her eyes in astonishment.

"Afraid!" he exclaimed. "Why should  
I be?"

"Really I don't know," she answered, "but  
it's usual, you know."

"Oh, I suppose so," he answered, in the  
off-hand way of the man of the world. "With  
inexperienced men there would be nothing sur-  
prising in it; but I have taken the precaution  
to lend him money which is still unpaid."



"The crowning glory of Woman  
is Her Hair."

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We will mail on ap-  
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how to grow hair upon  
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**A Sewing Machine Company's Peculiar and Unexplained Proposition.**

Much discussion is rife over the fact that The Singer Manufacturing Co., makers of the famous sewing machines, propose to give one hundred of their latest improved machines in even exchange for an equal number of the oldest sewing machines of any make, now in family use in the United States. The award is to be determined from the list of applications sent to the Company's head office in New York before March 1, 1898.

This is no guessing contest requiring a payment, a subscription, or a personal service of any sort. If you own an old sewing machine you have only to send the requisite information as to its age in order to be placed on the list and become a competitor for a prize worth having. It costs absolutely nothing but a postal card, which will surely bring to your door the best sewing machine in the world in exchange for your old one, provided it proves to be among the one hundred oldest in the list of applications made before March 1, 1898, at which date the list will be closed.

With so many as one hundred machines offered, any one with a sewing machine over five or ten years old stands a good chance to gain a new one.

The reputation of the Singer Manufacturing Company for fair dealing is well known; their offices are in every city and our readers may be well assured that they will do exactly what they promise.

The free particulars regarding sending the information to New York can be obtained from our advertising columns; they may also be procured at any of the Singer Company's offices and from their salesmen generally.

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In Paris the pawn hops are controlled by the Government. The Monte-de-Piete is a semi-private corporation, paying from 2 to 3 per cent. a year to its own stockholders, and turning all its other profits over to the city charities. It has no competition, thanks to its monopoly.

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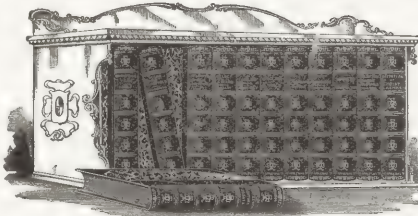
**a PROFITABLE but NEGLECTED Science.**

**W**HILE there are some people that have a vague idea that coins issued 100 or 200 years ago are worth fabulous sums, yet very few know that coins issued only a few years ago are at a large premium. For instance, the first Columbian half-dollar issued 1892, sold for \$1,000. All the half-dollars from 1871 to 1890 are at a premium, also Libella quarters of 1885, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1878, five and three-cent pieces of 1877, last issue of the two-cent copper and three-cent silver pieces; first issue of the nickel cents, all gold dollars and three-dollar gold pieces; all Territorial and California coins from 1849 to 1893, and thousands of earlier American and Foreign coins. There is also a premium on some coins with **MINT MARKS O, S, C, D or CC** also on fractional currency, colonial, continental and Confederate bills and old **POSTAGE STAMPS**. THE GLOBE reports that a coin was found in Galveston worth \$5,000. THE NEW YORK JOURNAL says that a cent was pined up at Aurora, N. Y., worth \$1,200, and that Mr. Castle paid **\$4,400 FOR A STAMP** found at Louisville, Ky. THE WORLD says: "Many people have become wealthy by looking after old coins and stamps." THE HOME JOURNAL says: "Coin and stamp collecting is a profitable business, as there are but few in it. The Numismatic Bank buys from Agents all over the country, and pays them big sums." Coins that are very hard to find in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston baker sold 116 coppers for \$6,915, 59 silver coins for \$4,713, and 4 gold coins for \$1,100, and others have done nearly as well. Mr. F. W. AYER sold recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1892, to Stanley Gibbons for **\$250,000**. THE COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL NEWS says: "The Numismatic Bank is not only the largest institution of its kind, but a reliable, safe and trustworthy to deal with as any National Bank. The enormous business done by them is the result of **SQUARE DEALING** and liberality." Send two two-cent stamps for our illustrated circular on rare coins and stamps. It will give you information on a subject of most importance to you.

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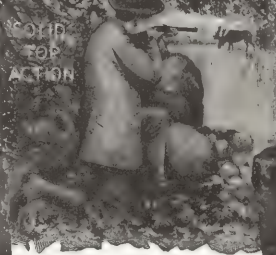
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NOTE: The length of the dash in the above sentence is no indication of the length of the missing word it represents.

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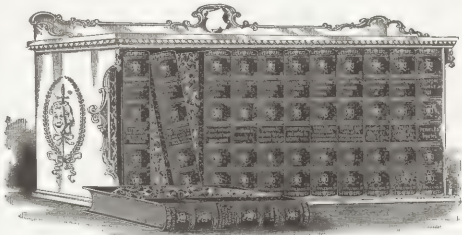
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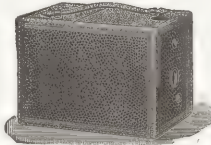
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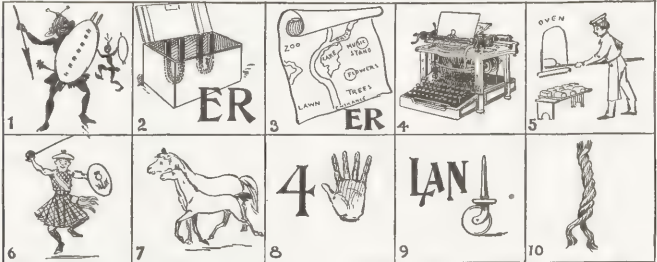


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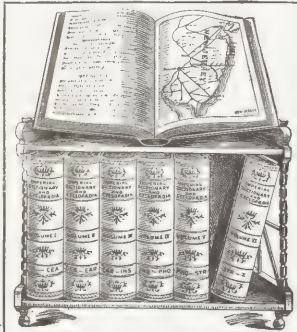
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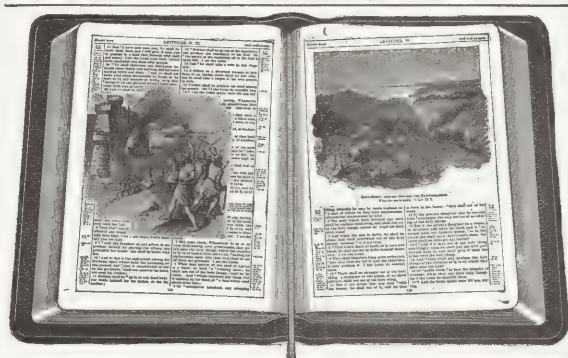
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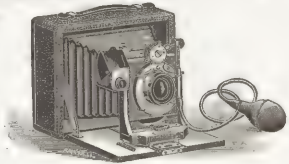
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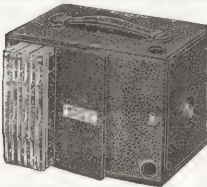
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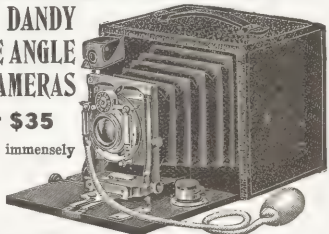
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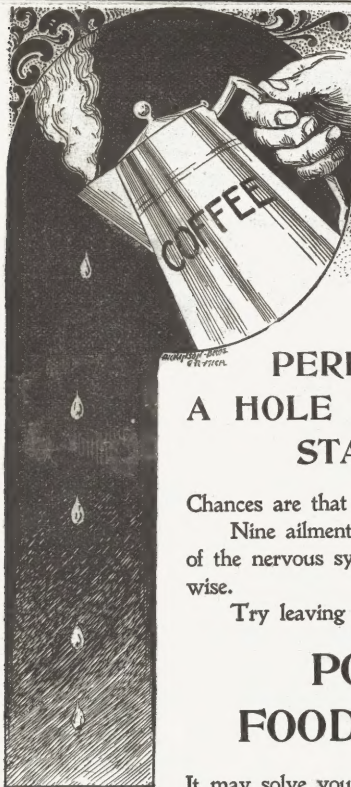
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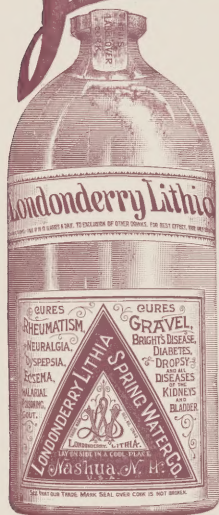
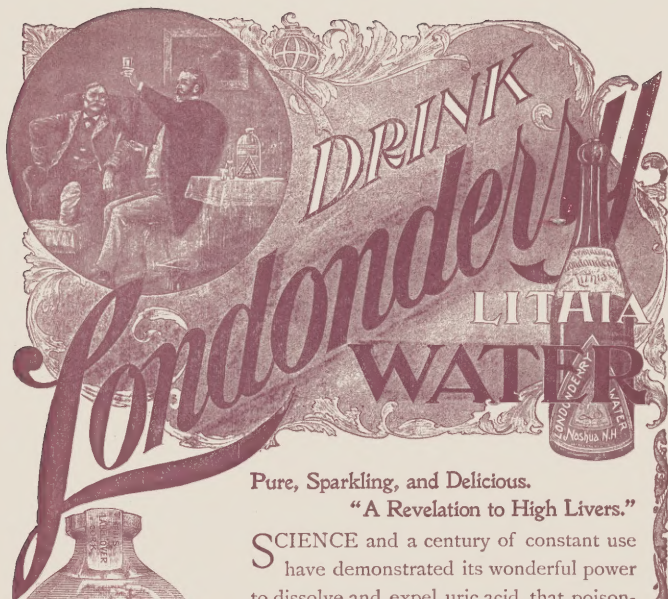
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